

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



# Maclean's

JANUARY 25, 1982

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**SPECIAL REPORT**

## Ronald Reagan's first year

The new domestic ethic

The foreign policy dilemma

The First Lady's troubles

The Democrats in disarray







## Ultimate answers

I was delighted to find in *The Expanding Universe* (Cover, Jan. 11) the introduction of language that seems to me appropriate only to religion. For example, the writer speaks of "the revelation that the world is round" when it is quite evident that this is a matter not of revelation but of scientific discovery. Thus there is in the sentence, "In the years since 1845, the discovery of the planet Neptune and the Bell researchers' discovery, scientists solved one mystery after another." Only problems are solved by scientists, despite popular use of the term for detective stories, are not discovered or solved, but only revealed. Those who speak in the name of science should also guard against the reputation that science deals with ultimate answers to ultimate questions that belong properly only to the discourse of faith.

—WILLIAM FENNELL

Toronto

## A man of peace?

Since when is it so-called Yasser Arafat "a dove and a diplomat" (CPAir's *10th Anniversary, World, Jan. 18*)? This is the man who swore last year to destroy Israel "politically, socially, economically and culturally"; the man who sent troops in to gas down 50 Israeli school-children at Ma'at. How does the dove square his support for the PLO with his belief in the sanctity of human life? From the Vatican's point of view, it seems, a dove has more ravens than an Israeli.

—PAUL TROSTER

Dorchester, Ont.

## PASSAGES



**DEAD:** The dean of North American sports-writers, Walter (Bud) Smith, 75, is in Stamford, Conn. hospital following a brief illness. Writing for *The New York Times* since 1972, Smith was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1967 for his "credulous" and the "literary quality" of his columns.

**APPOINTED:** Four new armed forces chiefs, by the Spanish cabinet, in a major shakeup designed to strengthen the government's hand before the trial of 30 officers in connection with last February's attempted military coup. The key post of president of the joint chiefs of staff went to El Gen. Alberto Llasada Leizaola, 68, a Basque, who was a strong supporter of the parliamentary process in his province.



Revolution or scientific discovery?

## Foreign service frustrations

No one should be surprised by the frustration of foreign service officers (Editorial, Jan. 11). It is difficult to represent Canada abroad when there is no policy framework for this representation. Without a sense of national purpose, the duties of our representatives are relegated to "pettiness and triviality," as noted by Francis McLaughlin in his report.

—ROGER VOYER

Ottawa

## Love of laughter

I have been waiting to write for a long time now about how much I enjoy Alton Petheringham's column. My political views are quite different from his, but who cares? I love a laugh, and that's

what he supplies. He just breaks me up with such expressions as "happo of innuents." Of course, they could be irritating and uncomfortable for the people he writes out, but I am sure they must laugh too. Keep it up, Petheringham. We all need to laugh more in this world of gloom and doom.

—IRMA DEWEE

Toronto

## No outrage in Newfoundland

In your Jan. 4 article *An Angry Island*, *Letter of the Day*, you claimed that Marine was "outraged" by the government's decision to reduce coastal ferry services in Newfoundland. We were not outraged and we did not initiate outcries. The services cut were not considered essential, and the cost of providing them was considered out of proportion to the benefit conferred on the area. Most of the ports dropped from the schedule are served by road or air ports where the Marine bus is not called in years.

—ST. KELLEY

Director of Public Affairs and  
Marine,  
CN Marine Inc.,  
Moncton, N.B.

## Exaggerated number of Poles

Why give credence to Soviet claims of exaggeration in Western press reports of events in Poland (World, Jan. 11) by publishing a photograph of a group of young men, just 14 Poles (I counted) with the words, "Hundreds of Poles line up for rationed supplies in a square in Krakow."

—BARRY LYNCH

West Hill, Ont.



**DEAD:** Widespread on-screen Paul Lynde, 35, of a heart attack in his Beverly Hills, California, home. The 33-year veteran of the now-defunct TV quiz show *The Match Game* got his first big break on Broadway in the *Side Show* of 1962. His on-screen husband, Dick Van Dyke, once said, "There are a lot of good performers if you give them good lines." But Lynde was "one of the few most inherently funny guys in the country."



**DEAD:** Hiro Berikobashi, 78, the aeronautical wizard who designed Japan's Second World War kamikaze fighter plane, the Zero, in a Tokyo hospital, of pneumonia. The single-engine aircraft with extraordinary firepower and a range of 1,900 km outperformed everything the Allies flew for the two years after Japan entered the war.

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## A charter of rights and wrongs

Douglas MacIntosh commits several errors in his unannounced tirade against Canada's new charter of rights (Podium, Jan. 4). He argues that the charter gives judges the "last say," but in truth, Section 33 of our charter gives the Parliament and legislatures the power to override most judicial decisions regarding the charter. He complains that judges are appointed and not elected and hence cannot be voted out, but the voters of 1982 together with those of the Senate can remove a judge. He blames the fact that the charter means the end of "quick trials" and that "We can't afford it." The day Canada cannot afford to give a presumably innocent man a fair trial is the day our democracy ends. His parting shot is to suggest that the judiciary be elected. Nothing would sooner end impartiality than far judges to have to panders to the public to win office.

—FRANK MICHAEL,  
Windsor, Ont.

Douglas MacIntosh says, "But how can judges be influenced to make the right political decisions?" The indirect approach through politicians is improper. And judges do not receive delegations. However, according to Canadian debates, several orders and cabinet ministers have been received by various judges. And if judges will receive them, why wouldn't they see labor union leaders, business executives or you and me?

—J. CAMPBELL,  
Napanee, Ont.

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Judges pondering to the public?

## Two kids in every garage

To suggest that a family earning \$22,000 a year with mortgage payments of \$400 a month, which could go to \$500, trades those under real threat from serious interest rates in just plain bad reporting (Canada, Dec. 21). This family is in fact in a preferred and relatively affluent position. Thousands of Canadians are facing mortgage payments that will consume 40 to 50 per cent of their gross earnings that are far less than \$22,000. From the rich have the better accommodation for their cars than the poor have for their children, this kind of reporting is a cruel joke.

—IAN GIBBS,  
Toronto

Political institutions may consider Senator's House Owners' Protection Act a bit harsh, but I do not. If every province would come up with similar legislation then the federal government and the financial institutions would do something about lowering interest rates that are the main cause of inflation.

—REV. MURPHY,  
Wayburn, Sask.

## Do not forsake me

As a resident of Ottawa, I know that the clock as the Peace Tower continuously shows 12 (while construction is under way) is your picture of the ornate postcard picture of the clock in front of it demonstrates (Ottawa, Dec. 14). One wonders whether this symbolizes high noon or darkest midnight? I hope it is high noon.

—S.D. FRICK,  
Ottawa

## Out of the mouths of babes

I am 10 years old, rather quiet, and very ambitious and am naturally sympathetic with the frustrations of Susan Benson, but I find most of her arguments rather hypocritical (Podium, Dec. 14).

don't like her constant repetition that "young people have something important to say." High school kids are too involved in the sensory world really to understand what is happening out there. Young people should try to imagine when they are 60 and what they will think of a person like themselves. At that stage you have fought through life gained immeasurable experience, suffered and have literally seen it all. Would you take the advice of an inexperienced, ignorant young person? I wonder.

—KIM HUTTENLOCH,  
Port McNicoll, Ont.

## A high price to pay

I was not impressed by your story about Richard Gaskin (Profile, Dec. 14). Most intelligent Newfoundlanders in the province have done more to hurt Newfoundland fishing than any other single force. Getting wage and price gains is one thing, but pricing ourselves out of the market is another.

—GLENN HODGKINSON,  
Gander, Nfld.

## Tears in the vault

My heart bleeds. Not content with record mortgage rates, with a record spread between interest charged on loans and that paid on savings, now with record profits, Canada's banks are now not content with the two to five per cent taken from retailers (and ultimately the public) on every purchase made with Visa or MasterCard credit cards (Consumers, Dec. 24). Yes, my heart bleeds, for the ordinary person on the street who is held for ransom by the banks.

—DAVID J. HETEROCKE,  
Westdale, Ont.

## Jonathan Livingston beaver

In her article *Stop Baiting the Guy With the Bread* (Column, Jan. 4), Barbara Amos is telling Canada to stop biting the hand that feeds us. Has she stopped to consider what we are being fed? American politics. American culture. American ideology. And all heavily baited with Yankee baits. True, it was our fault for letting ourselves become infatuated with the economically well-endowed American test, but can we be blamed for trying to right past mistakes? We've been under the wing of the American eagle for so long that she thought we were one of hers. Now she is jealous that we are flying our own wings, closer though they may be.

—ANDREW CLAYTON,  
Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply a name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 441 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5G 1A7.

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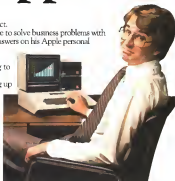
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# Skating on diplomacy's thin ice

By George Ignatieff

The unilateral imposition of sanctions against Poland and the Soviet Union by the Reagan administration in its view raises issues of policy for NATO far more serious in the long run than the dispute over the response to martial law in Poland. Unilateralism is incompatible with alliance solidarity and interdependence, and could in danger pose the basic reality to be faced is that ultimately the Polish crisis must be resolved by peaceful means, or by war. This is because history and geography have put the Polish people at the crossroads of a divided Europe and closer than most to the vortex of East-West confrontation.

No words can adequately express the seriousness of what is happening in the relations between the superpowers, Canada's neighbors. The United States and the Soviet Union are

politically on a collision course, while our allies are divided on what policies should be adopted in current circumstances. There are forces of pressure. Pressure often accomplishes just the opposite of what it is intended to do. It leads to counterattacks in an escalating spiral that can enhance the possibility of a peaceful settlement. Moreover, in following this route of sanctions and threats of more to come, the public has a right to know where it is being led. The Canadian public hardly knows where it stands from the extraordinary press campaign. As far as the NATO alliance is concerned, all we know is that its members are divided.

The immediate cause of Poland's trauma is that the Polish Communist Party, after 40 years of unbroken power, has led the country into economic ruin through permanent bureaucratic mismanagement. There must have been a civil confrontation between Solidarity and a weakening Communist Party over political power, which under the communist system has to be the monopoly of the party. The West has to recognize that in demanding the 10 million members of Solidarity be able to work without its constraints as to their basic rights without the repression of martial law, these rights have to be reconciled with the preservation of the state's authority and Poland remaining within the Soviet sphere of influence.

But the West can and must do more than issue uncoordinated warnings, exhortations and pronouncements if it is to influence events leading to a peaceful settlement in Poland. The basic rule of diplomacy—to have regard to reciprocal joint interests in saving the peace, rather than escalating tensions toward war—have to be respected. For instance, we must hold Gen. Jaruzelski to his word when, in declaring martial law, he said, "None of Poland's problems can be solved by force." Let's make sure the hard hat and mud march the same thing. This must be the point of departure for negotiation by the West, rather than the kind of escalating rhetoric that encouraged bloodshed in Hungary after the Soviet invasion of that country in 1956.

Second, we should co-operate to prevent Poland going

bankrupt and defaulting on its monumental debt of more than \$96 billion, which could be critical for creditors in the West as well as for the East. Moreover, Poland needs massive injections of food, medical supplies and raw materials to survive the winter. Negotiations for rescheduling the debt and providing emergency aid should be followed up through every available channel, especially through the Economic Commission for Europe on which East and West, including Canada, the second-largest foreign supplier of Polish food needs, are represented.

Third, Gen. Jaruzelski must also be held to the words he expressed in his first report after imposing martial law: "In our system there is room for self-managing and really independent trade unions." Poland has, in fact, no choice but to operate within a socialist framework. But there are variations on the theme of self-management and workers' councils in a workable consensus.

If Solidarity is to accept legal limits on its right to strike (which is well known to trade unions in the West), those limits must be clearly defined. The International Labor Organization (ILO) could be used to help uphold the rights of trade unions in Poland since Poland, like countries of the West, is a member of the ILO.

Finally, every channel available to the West must be used to pursue a peaceful solution. Now, as before, the only way to revive the Polish economy is by negotiation between Solidarity and the Polish government.

The West should not intervene in the structural process of working out a new "national consensus" between the military, Solidarity and the church. The latter has a vital role to play since these seem to be the only ones who have the confidence of the Polish people and the military is frustrated in trying to make the workers produce more.

Canada has a major stake in the employment of the resource and diplomatic levers available in the West—in terms of humanity—to save Polish lives, to salvage the NATO alliance and to save peace. If we are to follow President Reagan's lead, Canada must have a clear idea what the foreign policy of the United States is and where it is leading. This even appears unclear to some experienced observers in the U.S. James Reston, for instance, wrote in the Jan. 3 issue of *The New York Times*: "He [President Reagan] doesn't have a world policy, but a movie script." Movie scripts are made often based on fantasy than reality. It would indeed be a high price to pay if Canada, in following the Reaganite policy, would find itself only strengthening the "fortress" mentality of the Soviet Union and to justify further repression, while making molting ourselves from our European allies in a "Fortress America situation," based on the illusion that pouring nuclear missiles at Moscow will somehow make the Soviet Union negotiate in favor of the West.

George Ignatieff is chancellor of the University of Toronto and president of the IN Association of Canada; he was formerly the Canadian representative to NATO and to the United Nations.

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## PROFILE: JOE SHOCTOR

# The strongman of the Citadel

By Mark Czarnecki

One day in 1988 while sitting in his Edmonton law office, Joe Shactor was passing loudly from a second-storey window in the old De Soto convertible he had just acquired with money earned on the side as a theatre agent. Standing beside the car-stuck youth, Joe's boss sadly shook his head, saying, "You'll never make a lawyer. Shactor? Joe would prove his wrong, and did. Today this stocky multiplatinum head of one of Edmonton's top law firms. From his 38th-floor corner office in Sun Life Place he can now look out over the picturesque North Saskatchewan River and just make out his sprawling mansion perched on the bank of the same river valley his kilometres away.

But Joe Shactor's is no ordinary tale of rags to riches, and there is an added dimension to his prominence on the Edmonton skyline. On the other side of Sun Life Place stands the Citadel, a glowing, mosaic-brown, five-store complex of steel and glass Shactor erected on a former market site where his father, an indigent salvage dealer, once had his stall. The beautiful and fortuitous Citadel is the envy of theatre agencies (even across the country, but it is merely phase 1 in Shactor's means of a performing arts complex in Edmonton second to none. Detailed plans for stage 2—an equally striking 500 to 750-seat children's theatre within an enclosed garden adjoining the present complex—have been approved in principle by city council, and private donors are lining up to drop their million-dollar cheques in the hat. Phase 3, a concert hall, has already taken shape in Shactor's mind, and if his heart, which has already undergone extensive bypass surgery, does not give out first, the full figure of that dream too is a foregone conclusion.

A unique combination of entrepreneur, humanitarian, theatre professional and patron of the arts, Joe Shactor has the bucks, the ability and the ego to succeed at anything he sets his mind to. The De Soto is gone, but he still wears his gossamer tie. The floors and

Englazes inside his home are marble; the walls are hung with a mini-fortune in Impressionist and Canadian art, outside wait a silver Cadillac and a Jaguar. In an age when the newly moved elite tend to be whey-faced first managers or ostentatious big spenders, Shactor's business decorum, devotion to his Jewish faith and close ties to his wife, Kayla, and three children, set him apart. He has been honored with every possible award provincial award as well as the Order of Canada. Why, then, are Joe



Shactor: He bucks, the ability and the ego to succeed at anything

Ignoring the magnitude of his accomplishments, taxpayers prefer to stick such labels on him as "Broadway Joe," an epithet of long standing much resented by its owner. First applied when he had a fluster as a New York producer in the '60s, the tag has long spread because ardent critics claim Joe still cares more about saving his name in lights than he does about theatre. Whatever his personal aspirations, it is true that the phenomenon Citadel is a social phenomenon more than a cultural one.

Turned far out, smoothing over the rough edges of Edmonton's no-nonsense, rich with a patina of sophistication. This season's typical mix of proven Canadian hits (*The Kite and Nasse Jane Goes to Moscow*), musicals (*Footloose* and *The Boyfriend*) and international remounts (*The Lion in Winter* and Talley's Folly) demonstrates why the Citadel is the closest Edmonton will ever get to Broadway.

Turning out 11 shows a season for more than 20,000 eager subscribers is big business, and that's exactly how Shactor approaches the arts. He told the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee in 1981, "An arts organization receives sold, fundamental thinking, the same as if you had a car dealership." (Or a football club, where the key to balanced books is members' subscriptions. "Football

and theatre are similar," he says.) With the Kinkorons and they do it because of their quality product." With such a philosophy, it's not surprising that the Citadel turns out highly polished spectacles at the expense of innovation and challenges. In these days of shrinking government subsidies, the most trend is easily apparent in most of Canada's regional theatres. By pressuring arts organizations to pay their own way, critics argue, governments are killing culture. "Subscription seasons mean you're playing to the lowest common denominator in your audience," says George Lacombe of Toronto Workshop Productions. "Essentially you end up with Rock-of-the-North-Club theatre."

Ironically, Shactor himself is no stranger to the public trough. Under Al-

Shactor and the Citadel the most controversial combination in Canadian theatre? Recognition—or lack of it—is part of the answer. Shactor is an impresario, as dedicated as he is flamboyant and abrasive, who has done more to entertain the citizens of Edmonton than any man alive. Joe wants to make people happy and in large measure he has succeeded. Yet he feels his "detractions," as he calls them, have not given him his due on the contrary, they attack him like black flies. Acquiring criticism gradually is not Joe's forte: when one of the few producers he has directed was savaged by *Edmonton Journal* theatre critic Keith Ashwell, he told Ashwell publicly "It is with difficulty that I can refrain from punching you in the nose."

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bert's matching grants system, which gives a buck for every buck civic arts organizations can raise privately, with no strings attached, in 1979 '80 the Citadel received more government funding than any theatre in Canada, except the assembly-subsidized Charlottetown Festival. Paradox to his liking is the policy of the Canada Council which, he claims, "penalizes success" by reducing grants to financially stable theatres like the Citadel with a decidedly commercial and international bias while actively encouraging less profitable companies with a firm commitment to innovative Canadian work. In Shooter's view, government has no business dictating cultural content. "Narrow nationalism is depressing. That's why I've fought so hard, taken so much abuse from mostly ignorant people who have

best of the West. He is secretary and board member of First City Trust Co., controlled by the Reibberg brothers, and has been close friends with Sam Reibberg since his teens. Upon graduation from law school, the two shared office space ("I slobbed from Joe—there was a place in the back he let me have," recalls Reibberg) and went about accumulating their respective fortunes in oil and gas. Early in the '60s, these two "buddies," as Shooter calls them, defended in his Bay Street, high-powered firm office like noble warriors. Having closed a big sale of oil leases, they sat in a lawyer's office waiting for the buyer who finally turned up fresh off the golf course, bag over shoulder. "I asked the lawyer, 'Where's the cheque?'" grins Shooter. "So the guy turns his golf bag upside down and



Citadel Joe's an old-fashioned gunslinger who wants the streets clean for himself

aces to grind so we measure in three or six shrimps. That's never been one of my problems."

The invisible essence of this genuine storm is a gravel-voiced hustler with volatile eyebrows dancing over pale blue saucer-like eyes, who vainly refuses to tell his age (pushing 60). Black leather boots and the occasional gold chain over a business sweater reveal a muted penchant for flash. He may run his theatre like a business, but his business dealings leave no room for theatrics. "I've always been a loser in business, very conservative," he says. "I refuse to use Don & Bradstreet any statements—I say to them, you tell wherever your customer it to phone me up himself." His holdings include substantial chunks of downtown Edmonton real estate, and he controls a number of privately owned Alberta development and services companies. In yet another role, as president of Province Alberta Television Ltd., Shooter also recently applied to the CRTC for a regional pay TV licence.

Shooter has risen to power with the

spills out all these bills onto the table. I'd never seen so much money in my life." The tone entrepreneurs swapped the cash into an old leather briefcase without bothering to count it and hurried off down Bay Street, clucking the case between them. The Reibbergs now own assets worth billions, but Shooter won't disclose his wealth and scorns those who make money an end in itself. "I know lots of wealthy people here I wouldn't give you the powder to blow them to hell with," he sniffs.

Wherever Joe's flashy grade may lead him, it is impossible not to feel attraction for this enigmatic, whose financial vulnerability leaves him strangely vulnerable. The memory of his father, the redneck salvage dealer, brings anti-shared tears to his eyes. "My father was the laziest man I've ever known. He was hard-working and God-fearing—but I think I love him. When he died, I just wanted to have something of his close to me all the time—I can feel the warmth of his head here," he says, pointing to a formidable chased gold ring inset with his father's stockpin.

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Clearly began at home where his father Elie would borrow on the wind-downs with nicker and dimes (throughout the year for families poorer than themselves) rather than undelivered the budget with one annual lump sum. Shooter tried unsuccessfully to sell five acres of herring dunes below in the bays during his many years as campaign chairman for the United Way and other charities. His sense of social responsibility runs deep and springs from an obvious under humanity. Says Shelling: "He's a very warm, gentle person who has a great levity in the outside, but when you need something, he's the first guy you can go to."

Joe the hunter and Joe the entertainer have always been partners. Eric Geddes, senior partner of Price Waterhouse in Edmonton and a lifetime acquaintance, says, "You always knew Joe—he was very high-profile, even in grade school." At Victoria High School he played sports. "I was very competitive—I always made every team I tried out for" and starred in a half-hour color film directed by a teacher about a high school football player who also happened to be

offer for an old clipping and there he is, early-haired and bow-tied with dark, auctioneer-dol looks, head of a committee of five civic boosters, who in four short years transformed the Edmonton from such leaguers into a modern dynasty which won the Grey Cup from 1964 to 1966. Shooter was also their radio announcer, not adverse to making the play-by-play with knee-side cheerleading. "I was very partisan but I was always fair—I didn't give away plays," he chuckles. When the Eskimos first made it to the finals in Toronto in 1965, Shooter was in charge of public relations, approving light-up of derelict lamp posts ("Definitely no cowboy hats," he ordered) and supervising the floats for the most spectacular Grey Cup par-

ade. When Neville left in 1976, Shooter raised a storm by once again selecting a British artistic director, Peter Cox, who proceeded to ignore both local and national talent and import foreign actors to play in productions for export to Broadway. After two years of feuding with Shooter over play selections, Cox left. The Citadel has been run by Shooter ever since, although it is now advertising for an artistic director, who is general manager Wayne Pike's words, "is able to attract international stars."

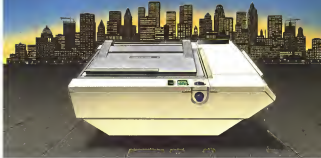
The decline in artistic standards that began with Cox has not resulted in over-proportion to the Citadel's standard financial status and increasingly strident public image. In a province where the weekly newsmagazine features a column: "Who's Shiny? Shooter is a media money master and headline grabber supreme. Says The Edmonton Star's columnist Dave Helling: "Joe's an old-fashioned pugilist who wants the streets clean for himself."

The latest spat between the Citadel and its normally docile supporter, the Journal, was touched off this fall when the Citadel demanded that Ashwell—whose Pike called an "obnoxious syncretist"—be removed because he had commented

unfavorably on the theatre's upcoming season. Pike later privately confessed that the whole affair was "a PR stunt," but that tacky fighting has done nothing to enhance the reputation of the Citadel or its hellbent executive director.

Concerned that his way is the true way, Shooter strikes opponents with such profanity of faith as "If you do what you think is right and don't deliberately hurt anyone, that's good enough for me." It is a strongman's philosophy, fit to be carved into every brick of the Citadel. Yet no one can deny Joe Shooter the man, an expansive, generous human being of great stature. Born the aggressive Ashwell, he fervently embraces "God bless Joe," and Malinsky recalls his Citadel years fondly. "Sometimes I hated the bastard, but I loved him too." Malinsky also remembers Joe the entertainer, the life of the party, regaling guests with golden tales like Sam, Top Gun and the Pussies. Too long an inner lament from the man who has transformed a city by consistently growing too big for his britches. ☐

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Picks, cleaning in roles from Citadel productions: The Explorer, "Gothics" and "Mister John Goes to Heaven" — Edmonton critic's recognition was a PR shock

rade staged up to that time. This fact, which also included losing 30,000 Eskimo soccerers per into the crowds, prodded him his first nickname—Joe (de Mille) Shooter.

Over the next decade Shooter invited heavily on Broadway and a listener on a local talk show suggested he start a theatre in Edmonton. Shooter promptly founded the original Citadel in an old St. James' Army hall in 1960, and the theatre soon became a success under artistic director Sam Malinsky. The Citadel pushed its artistic peak under then-director John Neville, a Briton whose appointment created a minor stir among Canadian nationalists. But Neville showed the same commitment to community theatre in Edmonton that has made him so successful at Malinsky's Neptune Theatre. He was a major force in erecting the new Citadel in 1976, and maintained a high-quality art of classic, modern plays and innovative work. Neville refused to comment on the Citadel, though he was once quoted as saying, "I hope some day somebody will tell me exactly what an executive producer does."

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## CANADA

# \$100,000 soaked in blood

By Malcolm Grey

When the trial slogged along and the man who had committed the most heinous crime in Canadian history stood accused to life imprisonment there was little of the expected enthusiasm that a guilty plea is supposed to bring. Instead, the evil that Clifford Robert Olson had committed when he killed 11 young people in nine months continued to affect their families and to divide the R.C. community.

The surprise of a guilty plea on the third day of a trial expected to last for weeks was quickly overtaken by the news that Olson's wife and infant son had received \$100,000 in return for Olson's agreement to lead police to the bodies of his victims. That had been one of the worst-kept secrets of the case. But even as arguments began over the ethics of Olson benefitting—of only indirectly—from his crimes, that shock was swayed by charges that the police had been too slow to identify Olson as a suspect in the murder.

A secret RCMP trial giving the chronology of the murders reveals that Olson, a man who had been recruited as a 45 off-duty man from front to back and armed robbery in the 36 years since he turned 17, was singled out as a suspect at a meeting of investigators last July 15. By that time he had already killed seven times, and although police decided to put him under surveillance he was to kill four more before he was finally arrested and charged with murder. That hunting fleet included everyone, including teen Larry Proke, who admits now that more men should have been killed.

In the month before he was arrested last Aug. 12, Olson followed a restless, compulsive pattern. His days were marked by long drives and attempts to pick up girls, talks with police, a trip with his family to Kananis Berry Farm

In Los Angeles, another journey to Calgary and even a court appearance on a charge of indecent assault.

And, of course, the murders. After the police decided to tell Olson they discovered that his recent apartment in Coquitlam, a suburb of Vancouver, was empty. Olson, playing the family man,



Olson, surrounded the lovely cranberry bog and woods

had taken his wife, Jean, and son, Clifford, on a trip to California. Two days after he returned, on July 21, he charged with Dennis Tarr, a Delta detective, about information that might lead to drug deals. Then he went out and killed another victim, 16-year-old "Phantom" star. On July 25 he killed again, this time Signa Ared, an 18-year-old visitor from West Germany. Police surveillance began on July 27, but Olson had

already picked up and murdered Terry Lynn Corne of Surrey, dumping her body not far from where he had left Raymond King.

The police watched Olson until the early morning hours of July 26, then moved in and arrested him and two other men who had picked up two teenage girls and piled them with liquor. Olson was not long in jail. He was released at 2 a.m. and disappeared into the darkness without a police tail—the investigation arguing that he would be useless now Olson would be watching for them. After a court appearance on July 31, Olson continued his compulsive wandering, disappearing from the Lower Mainland for a week-long trip to Calgary. By that time the police had decided to watch him 24 hours a day, but before leaving for Alberta Olson struck one more time, murdering Louise Charrand, 27, at Maple Ridge.

Police do not know what he did in Calgary, but when he returned Aug. 6 the RCMP's best surveillance team was waiting for him. Over the next six days they watched and hoped he would do something that would link him to the murders and disappearances. They watched—but did nothing—as he broke into a house near Victoria. "We were after him for murder, not breaking and entering," and an officer smoothly they still had little to go on when Olson, returning around Vancouver

Island, picked up two girls hitchhiking and headed north. "At this point the surveillance team felt the two young women were in jeopardy, and moved in," the RCMP brief says. "Olson was at that moment arrested and charged with multiple murders." Police were worried that they had moved too soon, but they did find an address book in Olson's motel van. The book contained the name of one of the murder victims, but after Olson was charged with the murder of Judy Evans, 14, of

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two leaders related their mutual admiration and their devotion to Third World causes. The Mexican press compared Trudeau's charisma favorably to that of Fidel Castro and, of course, Perot's.

For his part, an ebullient Trudeau responded with a flurry of waxes, smiles and handshakes seldom seen at home. Yet the Mexican president kept a certain distance. By unwritten law he can speak no English at state functions, a recognition of Mexico's historic humiliations at the hands of U.S. soldiers. Even de la Madrid, educated at Harvard and, unlike Perot, fluent in English, spoke Spanish at his private breakfast. However, Trudeau's functional Spanish drew high praise from the Mexicans, who still remember the day 10 years ago when the late French president Georges Pompidou refused his tongue around a few Spanish phrases.

For all its newfound oil wealth—oil resources doubled in the past five years—Mexico retains its posture as a Third World nation, even internally. There is no formal line of succession to the presidency because, in the words of one Mexican diplomat, "Number 2 would always be trying to be number 1." And the army remains a key factor, as the Canadians discovered when they held a private luncheon at Perot's house, discovered 180 unwelcomed guests outside the opulent Hacienda restaurant: four truckloads of Mexican soldiers.

That Third World status has made Mexico, in its efforts to encourage global investments for the better utilization of world wealth, a perfect partner for Trudeau. It was fitting that Mexico became the focus for some of the toughest language on the issue, warning that the consequences generated at last October's summit would, according to Trudeau and Perot, "stay in the background." Then, de la Madrid, Trudeau extracted a promise that Perot's initiatives would be carried forward by the new Mexican regime.

Amid the adulation of the Mexicans, the late-night talks with Perot about global life, the twinkling towns and the last-minute trip to a motel, Trudeau appeared happier than he has for years. The nitty-gritty details of his frigid nation to the north—and Margaret's latest revelations—could not seem further away than the *Del Rio* he is seeing as ancient Mexican terrain. But even his reflexes could not suppress small smiles when, teasing Perot, he allowed that, "For those who have served exceedingly well, there is no rest." For Perot, his tireless work ethic, after six years in St. Louis, Mo., Trudeau is still in office as de la Madrid comes to power in December, he will have governed through four Mexican presidents, and counting.

—IAN ANDERSON

## NATIONAL

# Fluffing up the political pillow

For Canada's one million unemployed, who already face inflation of 12 per cent and mortgage rates of 17 per cent, "em-ERGO" sounded absurd. But the new acronym created a hot flush in not-so-core Ottawa last week as the Trudeau government snatched yet another of its periodic reorganizations—that one with a decidedly commercial bent. In the shuffle, Senator

export development bank Pierre De Bauld, who already has the demoralized Department of regional economic organism, also moved to External. De Bauld will be the minister in charge of hosting the federalist flag in francophone nations and dealing with francophone issues such as refugees.

Accompanying Lemay and De Bauld in their new jobs are two powerful civil servants Gordon Oshkosh, a much-admired 88-year veteran of the mandarinate (he is only 51), seven the stewardship of the ministry of state for economic development to replace Allan Rock (now ambassador to Washington) as under-secretary at external affairs. A former trade commissioner, Oshkosh will oversee the sensitive matter of the proud trade types with the oft-fickle foreign policy professionals. He arrives with a record as a grand reconciler and as a promoter of exports. During his stint as deputy minister of trade and commerce, Oshkosh was given to live-acting missions by declaring, "We are going to put an all the bells, whistles and tinsel."

As part of the reorganization, Alberta Senator Glen will become the political boss of a new, expanded MEMO that will set policy and spending levels for industrial incentives—with a special emphasis on promoting regional equality programs and energy savings projects. Curiously, the old industry section of trade and commerce under Herb Gray will also take on a regional expertise role. That move appeared to contain an element of face-saving for Gray. Leaders noted that, while Glen's shop will set policy, Gray's department will deliver programs. Gray also will keep his traditional Foreign Investment Review Agency.

Trudeau readily admitted that the trade-duals will not by itself solve inflation and unemployment. He also holds out the promise of a major cabinet shuffle in late winter or spring. But pending proof of performance, unbridled citizens were left to ponder the sentiments of York University's business expert, Colin Campbell, "who commented tartly, 'Basically, these guys are adding arrows with organizational blunders. Instead of getting on with their work.'"

\*Senator, with fellow Port political mentor George Stelmach, of The Superintendents.



Oshk: a new recruit to combat a rising sea

Red Oshk took over the new ministry of state for economic and regional development (MEMO). For his part, Industry Minister Herb Gray also assumed responsibility for the department of regional industrial expansion (IRIS) and an expanded external affairs department got a new mandate to promote international trade.

With Prime Minister Allan Maclean's budget in tatters, the shakedown was designed to produce a new member on the bridge over a rising economic sea. In the process, selected ministers and mandarins were reassigned with new titles and responsibilities, and the tired toward powerful central agencies—as old British custom—was pushed forward by Prime Minister Trudeau.

The most vivid change came at External. There, the minister, Mark MacGugan, who has appeared incoherent with his massive portfolio, became head of a new transatlantic with minister's client. Ed Laro's move up the ranks as minister for international trade, taking from the disbanded industry, trade and commerce ministry the responsibility for the foreign trade commissioner, a trading agency and an

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Autoworkers Docking 40's Austerity: We're not going to be working poor

## Set for an Ottawa showdown

**H**uddled together for months, more than 1,600 autoworkers from the Ford assembly plant in St. Thomas, Ont., trooped onto four-lane Highway 401 earlier this month to stall traffic and snare headlines. They were protesting everything from high interest rates to the threat of wage cutbacks. But their grim tactics were also another scene in the escalating confrontation between governments and labor over the direction of the economy in troubled times. "It's a combination of fear and frustration and it's just the start," warned member Edward Hatcher, a quality control inspector who has worked only 31 weeks between layoffs since last August. "We wanted to make a statement to government. Pay attention to us—we're dying."

Laker's growing militancy has been oddly buttressed by a growing sense of job insecurity. Statistics Canada says that a staggering 297,000 people went out of work in December and that another 300,000 have simply stopped looking and have been reclassified from the unemployment rolls. The agency also commented that the social cost of this tremor is more palpable and real more than the heart disease, the economic cost as reflected in a hardening of the negotiating positions. "As long as we're still working, we're going to get something out of it—we've got nothing to lose," insists Ben Hargrove, the administrative assistant to the United Auto Workers' director for Canada, Robert White.

Unlike its American counterpart, the Canadian union has refused to reopen contracts in order to slice benefits. And Hargrove vows that, even if talks with the Big Three automakers expire

this September, "we're not going to be working poor to keep corporations wealthy."

The prospect of labor unrest is also heightened by the sheer number of agreements this year. More than 400 new agreements covering more than 1.1 million Canadians expire during 1982. That is 40 per cent of all major agreements on file with the federal labor department. Another 150 contracts that ended last year have not yet been settled. This year's list includes more than 700,000 federal and provincial employees, almost 400,000 of them in Quebec. And since those employees hold jobs ranging from hydro to hospital services, the public is not likely to escape unaffected.

Confronted with this unrest, govern-



ments are responding with equal militancy. The first answers will probably adopt a federal proposal to clamp a lid on civil service wage increases at their Feb. 2 economic summit. Alberta has already declared that provincial salaries should not rise beyond 12 per cent this year.

But the proposal has drawn furious threats from John Fryer, the president of the 230,000-member National Union of Provincial Government Employees. "If they go ahead with that wage, it's going to be the worst year ever in history for strikes and disruptions in the provincial public services," he says. "We will not be supplicants."

This government-labor conflict extends beyond salaries and wages, however, into an outright battle over general economic policy. And Big Labor has been arming by luring ordinary voters into the fray. Last fall, the Canadian Labour Congress (CLC) pitched together a coalition of 25 anti-poverty and consumer groups for a massive demonstration on Parliament Hill against high interest rates. The same coalition is now working with provincial labor federations and local labor councils to organize small-scale protests across the land. For its part, the local council in St. Catharines, Ont., has thrown a packet line around houses to block firetrucks.

CLC President Dennis McDermott admits that labor needs support because job insecurity would eventually frighten voters in elections when "the vast interest rates affect everyone," he argues. "And we've got to put together a political coalition that is strong enough to maintain political pressure."

The plight of the jobless and the insecurity of the worker are certain to dominate economic debate when Parliament resumes Jan. 25. Although Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy swapped an extra \$30 million for 5,400 short-term jobs last month, that will be no likely to get him a lightfisted election. Axworthy now is braced for a tough Commons session. He is also preparing a discussion paper for a hard cabinet battle over medium- and long-term job creation programs and their price tags—in particular, their impact on inflation and political damage and cost.

Conservative employment critic David Crombie, for one, says that most MPs are now more sensitive to the plight of the unemployed because hearings in their constituencies provided a glimpse of "the general reality." Adds New Democratic Party finance critic Bob Rae: "The focus of debate is going to be much more directly on people—I think there will be a very hot time in the old days tonight." It is clearly a prospect that the government does not relish.

—MARY JASKIAN

**M**argaret Trudeau added her voice to the national chorus of complaints about the excerpts from her book *Consequences* last week. She bitterly denounced the Toronto Star's editing of her "very painful account about being a modern woman and raising children and just living life." In a telephone interview from her Ottawa home she told *Maclean's* "I am extremely angry and extremely hurt. The sensationalism is nothing but a bastardization of my work. The media has done what I expected it to do—a hatchet job, sensationalism to sell newspapers that are just good for smugging garbage." Leaders of the six Canadian dailies that carried the truncated accounts were informed in detail about Margaret's reactions "search for my own truth" in each place as the back seat of a car and a man's waistcoat with the *Wives of Jack Nicholson* and *Ryan O'Reilly*. The Star's co-edman and veteran newsman, Ray Tredden, reacted more complaints in one week than he has about any other single story in the past year. Tredden says he did not agree with the Star's editorial decision to run Tredden's material, and he adds that he is ending up "a bit short of sympathy for the show. Tredden made it clear that she was not 'running away.' But she didn't mind getting some distance between herself and what she described as "disney edition with no sexuality." "I hope it [the sensationalism] hasn't destroyed interest in the book," says Tredden. "It certainly isn't the piece of literature I wrote."



Margaret in Ottawa, (top) in Province four years ago. "Intimacy adding," but it said



**M**ega-director Frances Coppola (*The Godfather Apocalypse*) just pulled off his first big coup: he's back. He purchased his \$20 million (U.S.) "longue aventure," *One From the Heart*, at New York's Radio City Music Hall without permission from its infamously cantankerous boss, the film's distributor, Paramount. Frances Coppola made his last big move to stage negative reviews that landed out after Paramount showed an incomplete version in West Coast suburbs last summer. "If the picture isn't moving, it's not totally unsalable," he predicted, aggressively with some vision. After a sold-out audience of 6,800 sat through the first screening of the bizarre musical, the response was anything but enthusiastic. After the second screening, Paramount snuffed a bomb and responded by postponing the scheduled Feb. 10 release date "indefinitely." Coppola appeared undaunted. "I'm very proud of it," he said. "I imagine years from now people will see it as something original." Original or not, the question seems to be: will people see *One From the Heart* at all?

**T**ough-talking TV newsmen Mike Wallace has built a reputation on his ability to elicit embarrassing statements from smugging interviewees. Now it's Wallace's turn to be caught on camera with embarrassing words in his mouth. Wallace's argument of a 30 Minutes program on the high rate of mortgage default among minorities, Wallace offered his own speculation about why blacks and Hispanics sign contracts they have not read. "They're probably looking for a 'yes' button and 'taste,' he gapped into a camera rolling on behalf of his careful subject, California bank executive Richard Carlson. When the remark surfaced last week, Wallace claimed that he had been trying to mock Carlson into making his own "latent racist" remarks obvious. "I happen to have a prejudice for eloquence and for jokes," he said, adding that he sometimes likes Jewish jokes, and "I'm Jewish." Wallace's boss, 60 Minutes Producer Don Hewitt, hardly improved the situation by explaining that Wallace sometimes "laughs at himself" in whole humor. "He doesn't offend anyone in America." No supportive statistics were immediately available.

—EDITED BY BARBARA HUGHES



## WORLD

# Death watch on the Potomac

By Michael Posner

*I know we weren't going to make it. We did not have the speed we needed for takeoff. We were too low. . . I flew it but I don't know how it was going.*

The storm was still raging when Air Florida's Flight 90 finally pulled away from the gate at Washington's National Airport. Delayed two hours by the heavy snow, the Boeing 737 had at last been cleared for takeoff. Shortly before 4 p.m. it lumbered slowly down Runway 36, bound for Tampa and Fort Lauderdale. On board, Lance and Harriet Marek, survivors of the balloon, were eagerly looking forward to their first water in a restaurant madonnas. Maryland educator Susan Posner—a nervous first wife had bought a refund of her \$24 ticket and been released by airline officials—was hailed for a teachers' convention. Madrid-born José Trueta, with his wife, Penelope, and their two-month-old son, Juan, was

moving to Tampa to take a new job in construction.

But seconds after takeoff, something went "terribly—terribly—wrong." "The plane started shaking," survivor Bert Hunkeler would later recall, "as if it were trying to shake apart." Moments later, its landing wheel fell down, the

two-engine jet plunged from the sky. Smacking into the city's 16th Street bridge, the doomed aircraft sheared the tops off five cars and a truck and careened into the ice-covered waters of the Potomac River.

At week's end, rescuers struggled to retrieve the bodies from watery graves, the death toll stood at 75. That

count included three infants, five crew members and at least four people trapped in cars on the bridge. In one grisly instance, the jet sliced clean through a vehicle, decapitating the driver; rescuers found a headless torso, hands still gripped around the steering wheel.

Only five passengers—all of them seated in the rear cabin—survived in the frigid water, they clung desperately to fragments of the wreckage, rapidly losing body heat. "There were six people in the water when we arrived," said Gene Windsor, commander on the police rescue helicopter dispatched to the scene. "One was my brother-in-law, got five feet."

Salvage operations under way on the Potomac (below), survivors rescued by helicopter. Above: One plane too many?



The sixth passenger—a balding man about 50, still unidentified—carelessly gave life-saving ropes and flotation devices to the others. By then Windsor and chopper pilot Don Usher returned for him, he was gone: dead Usher, who flew combat missions in Vietnam. "I've never seen one man with that much composure."

Obviously, the five main investigating teams set up by the National Transportation Safety Board has not yet pinpointed the cause of the disaster—the first in the U.S. since the May, 1978, crash of a DC-18 at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, which killed 275. But the early evidence seemed to point to ice buildup on the plane's wings and fuselage. Waiting for clearance, Flight 90 had been sprayed twice with diluted ethylene glycol, a de-icing solution. But tests last week by investigators established that the last application was given a full 44 minutes before takeoff. This recommended maximum interval between applications is 30 minutes.

Whatever the cause, the accident promptly brought new criticism of National Airport's manager of safety. Consequently located on 700 acres barely eight kilometers from the White House, it handles some 15 million passengers a year and is the 10th busiest airport in the U.S. It sits precariously on such notorious vibrations as the Lincoln Memorial impasse, severe contractions during takeoffs and landings. More significantly, the short (2,800 ft) runway may not leave pilots enough room to abort the flight.

Still other questions were being raised. Rescuers complained about a lack of central co-ordination. There was no common radio frequency for voice communications. And although other helicopters were available for rescue efforts, they were never summoned to the site.

But there were acts of enormous heroism, too. Pilot Don Usher brought his chopper to the very surface of the volatile jet fuel, and 46-year-old Larry Skutumpah, a 44,000-a-year musician in the congressional band of staff, tore off his jacket and shoes and dived into the icy waters to save Patricia Theriault's life. "Nobody else was doing anything," Skutumpah said later. "It was the only way."

Tragically, most victims never had a chance for heroism. They died instantly, still strapped to their seats. By the time the childless old afterward, a lone man came down to the riverbank at dusk and stood silently. Confronted by police, he replied evenly: "I'm sorry to be in the way. My sister is on that plane, and I just want to be as close to her as possible."

With William Courter

## MIDDLE EAST

# Intriguing enough for Le Carré



Mubarak with Huguette, a fundamental cleavage over the autonomy question

It was, so novelist John Le Carré himself said during a visit to Beirut, a "suspense make for a best-selling book. The plot involved shuffling secretaries of state, angry Arab threats, heated UN debates, murky Soviet interference and renewed Palestinian-Israeli tensions. And if much of the action seemed like a rewrite of previous chapters of the 30-year Arab-Israeli conflict, the maneuvering contained crucial new elements of suspense and, for a change, a predictable turning point.

The urgency behind the pace of events was underlined by U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig's announcement, after talks in Jerusalem and Cairo last week, that he would return at month's end. Haig is attempting to create new impetus for the Camp David peace process before April 30, the scheduled date for Israel to transfer control of the Golan Heights, that U.S. officials concede to private that it will take a minor miracle to find grounds for agreement before then on the urgent Palestinian autonomy. And the absence of an autonomy agreement before the week transfer could mean the end of Camp David.

Before returning to Washington at week's end, Haig was optimistic. But in fact his trip served only to emphasize the near hopelessness of his task. President Hossni Mubarak made it clear that Egypt needs "autonomy" merely as a first step toward statehood.

For that part, Haig's

Israeli hosts saw the Sinai turnover as a simple administrative step involving control of people, not land. And if that fundamental cleavage were not enough, Mubarak—sensitive to his standing with his Arab neighbors—quietly added a new condition: any declaration of principle on autonomy would have to have Palestinian approval.

Twisted over the autonomy issue was heightened by a host of subjects that threatened to overshadow Washington's part in the story line. Just as the Americans were struggling to reconstruct Camp David, the Arab world launched a bid to preempt that initiative. Ever since Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights last month, the moderates and militants have heated the rifts opened before Christmas at the summit in Paris, Morocco. The stage is now set for a new get-together and a second stand behind a modified Sinai autonomy peace plan.

In its current form, that plan implies Arab recognition of the Jewish state-

tion. This may be changed simply to indicate co-existence between the respective conflicting forces, somewhat on the lines of the two Germanys. By one popular reading of the situation, the Israeli-made was developed at a recent meeting between Syrian President Hafez al-Assad and Saudi Foreign Minister Crown Prince Fahd in Damascus, for Syrian assistance, the Saudis are said to have provided funds to



Finds other strengths

big Soviet arms—kind to have agreed that, if the Pabst plan is ultimately rejected by Washington or Jerusalem, the Saudis will support a military alternative.

If nothing else, the Arabs have begun to follow for the first time since 1948 the public relations benefit of a peace platform. "It will be on the record for the world to see we tried. We offered. If it does not work out, then there is justification for any action we take," said an Arab diplomat in Beirut.

However, other diplomatic sources are beginning to interpret the Saudi-Syrian "deal" as a kind of mutual confidence trick. These sources suggest that the Syrian government does not want peace, which would rob it of both its strength and of a distraction that it needs to exorcise domestic problems. Damascus, it is said, is already preparing for war. While Hafez was in Jerusalem, his Syrian counterpart, Abdel-Hafiz Hafez, was in Moscow discussing the possibility of a Syrian-Soviet strategic alliance to counter the currently suspended—but likely to be renewed—U.S.-Israeli security agreement.

At the same time, the Saudis are reportedly preparing a daring offensive to win world support for their peace plan. They hope to round up enough backing—from Europe, Canada and Japan—to force the Reagan administration to take the Saudi plan seriously as an alternative to the deadlocked Camp David accords.

But even if Saudi has a number of bargaining strengths in addition to its oil. Among other things, there have been constant suggestions recently of improved relations with the Soviets.

It also opened the year with a declaration that "with those who respect us we shall have a kind of friendship even if we have no diplomatic relations." He specifically mentioned the East Bloc.

The Saudis and other Arab states have made no favorable comparisons between Washington's sharp reaction to Poland's declaration of martial law and its passivity over the Golan situation. And Arab commentators last week were asking for U.S. support of a UN resolution favoring sanctions against Israel.

WIDEWORLD OF THE PRESS, declared a Beirut newspaper in an analysis of the intense maneuvering and possible outcome of the current negotiations. With all sides wondering about the next chapter, it came as no surprise when Le Carré told friends that he would be returning to the Middle East to gather material for his latest book. This would, he promised, have "a surprising ending." It might also be characteristically close to the facts.

—BRIAN W. KILPATRICK in Beirut

## Taking a protectionist swing



Pittsburgh steel mill: the grievances had been simmering for years

The latest attempt to come to grips with the world's growing economic problems took place last weekend, with an ocean view and a sea breeze, just off the coast of a luxury hotel complex in Key Biscayne, Fla. If the tropical setting seemed incongruous with the chilly global economic outlook, so too did the two days of high-level meetings between trade ministers from the European Community (EC), the United States, Canada and Japan along with the meetings there was a hint and a ministerial pitch-and-pull tournament. Perhaps Canada's trade minister, Ed Leamy, best pointed out the apparent faultiness of leisure-state diplomacy when, on the fifth day, he asked U.S. trade representative William Brock, "Does the wine get a taste surplus next year?"

The working sessions were just as incongruous. Although the participants were united in their philosophical commitment to the concept of free trade, the meeting of minds ended there. Each came to the table with a list of economic grievances which have been simmering for years but which the worldwide recession has brought to the boil.

Foremost on everyone's mind was a dramatic protectionist legal action launched by seven U.S. steel companies last week. They accused European Community producers of dumping cheap, government-subsidized steel in the United States. Considered by many to be a blatant example of protectionism, the seven steel nations' suit, perhaps chaos for the economy's already debilitated steel sector.

It is an instinctive tendency during periods of high unemployment and slow growth for countries to protect their domestic markets. That the U.S. position could cost the community \$5 billion in lost sales and condemn more legions of steelworkers—64,000 were laid off in 1981—to the ranks of the unemployed still, American steel itself is spending at 60-percent capacity and has had to lay off 70,000 employees. The community was quick to counter. In Brussels, industry commissioner Ryszard Davignon warned that "protectionism is no longer a risk, it is a probability." Added the commissioner: "We have lost the initiative. Now we must see how we can win the second."

The possibility of a protracted trans-

atlantic steel squabble has alarmed the Japanese. They are fearful that any European steel that is shut out of the United States will be redirected into their heavily but geographically balanced domestic market. So far, Japan, the world's most efficient producer, has artfully managed to suppress foreign competition, allowing domestic producers to carve up the home market and stay in the black.

Canada, especially excited when the Americans argued the tariff talk last year, is also threatened by the prospect of protectionism. Leamy—personally aware that 32 cents in every dollar of the gross national product comes from exports—urged the group to "swap protectionism in one area for increased open trade in another."

While Canada held the middle ground and the Europeans looked menacingly toward the United States, the American lack of action at Japan Tokyo has been the recipient of tough criticism from Washington since last July. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige has warned of "big trouble" if Japan continues to resist removing trade barriers to American goods. That is not surprising. The United States ran up a trade deficit with Japan for the first time last year and will show an overall trade deficit of about \$40 billion in 1982.

The question of Japan's protectionist outlook has its otherwise warning tradition partners thinking as one. "Whatever you have heard about U.S. tensions with Japan you have not heard the word with the community," said one EC official. Japan's array of non-tariff barriers is an onerous to foreigners as the subsidies of the Kabuki theatre. Japanese customs inspection and testing procedures cost foreign exporters up to a messy bureaucratic sea of red tape from which some products never escape in volume.

Sensitive to the rumblings of Congress (which has before it a proposal to ban sales of Japanese telecommunications equipment), the government of Premier Zenko Suzuki has pledged to speed up tariff reductions on about 1,600 imported items. It also says it will cut through some of the more nettlesome non-tariff barriers to American and European businesses sometime this summer. But Japanese exporters maintain that the bamboo forest cannot open too quickly. That they are concerned that these concessions will be too little and come too late.

Defiant out in matching commercial piffle piffles, the ministers gave an impression of a solid front at their final press conference. But no practical solutions surfaced, and even some of the rhetoric was suspect. Asked for his verdict, Brock replied, "The proof will be in the pudding at time goes on."

—JANE O'HARA

## NATO

## The allies, deceptive harmony

His plane was delayed for more than an hour by bad weather. But when Helmut Schmidt finally arrived at the Rixos Palace for talks with France's President Francois Mitterrand last week, the West German chancellor was able to conclude his business in short order. In an atmosphere that contrasted with the sub-zero temperatures outside, Schmidt and Mitterrand dined, during a hastily arranged supper, that Franco-German differences over last month's military exercises in Poland hung on details rather than decisions. "There is no policy divergence," an admiral Schmidt announced, in answer to charges that Bonn had been slow to condemn Moscow for its part in the Polish tragedy.

But Schmidt ran into trouble later at the Bonn parliament. Responding to an opposition Christian Democrat call to match sanctions with the shelling of Leningrad against Moscow, he refused "The humanitarian aid" to Warsaw would continue, said Schmidt, to enable those opposition benches. There he brooded on "abuse" charges that these had subjected his conclusion of the Soviet Union because of economic considerations. Germany, he declared, has no intention of becoming "a neutral wanderer between two worlds."

Schmidt was not the only NATO leader under fire. In Brussels, the Glöbe and Mitterrand's first-page assessment of the use to which the Warsaw pact have put Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's remark that martial law was better than some alternatives. Then, it quoted one disgruntled Pole as saying "Year Trudeau, he really did it. Later, the Glöbe ran a local editorial concluding "If [Trudeau's comment] is

enough to turn honest Canadian stomachs."

Tradex, however, saw no reason to apologize. The statements, he told an inquirer at a news conference, "are often used by people in ways that I did not intend. Tradex did acknowledge that pressure on the Polish regime was needed. But economic sanctions were not called for."

Both Schmidt and Tradex spoke at NATO foreign ministers had issued their harshest condemnation yet of military rule and the "unauthorized campaign mounted by the Soviet Union" to push Polish demands for wider freedoms. Mitterrand in an emergency session in Brussels they warned that they were prepared to apply cracks to East-West trade and the sale of high-technology products to Eastern Europe.

That apparently hard-line message was underscored later in the week when Western leaders, gathered in Geneva, refused to

reallocate \$28 billion worth of Polish debts. But some of the bite was taken out of NATO's bark by the foreign minister's rider that each country would be left to take action "in accordance with its own situation and legislation."

A first meeting of NATO economic experts was set for the work in Paris, and Washington was preparing to ask for curbs on shipments of high-technology rider that each country would be left to take action "in accordance with its own situation and legislation."

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Moscow and Warsaw were nevertheless furthest away from the NATO move, term-

Lumby (right) directs and Japanese trade minister Shirohara Akei support the line



ing them "gross interference." Then, during talks in Moscow, Polish Foreign Minister Jacek Giermek joined his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko, in declaring that Washington was attempting to "hampar normalisation" in Poland.

In Poland itself, the situation did appear to be rapidly turning to what the authorities—though not the United Solidarity—describe as "normal." It was reliably reported that the country's leader, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, would tell the new session of the Sejm (parliament), which starts on Jan. 15, that he intends to replace martial law with a state of emergency. The Sejm would improve the law of Poles, however, seconded defiance. Under emergency rule, the soldiers would return to barracks. But civic freedoms are not destined to stay on ice, indefinitely.

—Fiona Lewis in Brussels, with Keith Charles in Moscow and John Hay in Ottawa.

#### NICARAGUA

## Struggling in an elephant's shadow

Sharp downturn Managua does not look like the capital of a country on the verge of war. For all the army trucks and olive-green uniforms in evidence, what a visitor to the Nicaraguan capital notes is the absence of automatic machine-guns and armored cars. Meanwhile, government officials point proudly to such activities as their own adult education program, which is part of a comprehensive national literacy campaign set up in 1980. Then, they boast of the steady progress made in the Central American nation's efforts at land reform. Recently, however, it has seemed as though the country's problems were progressing virtually in step.

For one thing, the Reagan administration last week made the pointed choice of Anthony Croll Ross Quinlan—previously director of the state department's Working Group on Terrorism—as the next American ambassador to Managua. And while just overtly belittles measures as invasion or blockade are merely under consideration, Washington is already tightening the economic noose.

Tensions in Nicaragua rose sharply in November with U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig's refusal to give the House foreign relations committee an assurance that the United States would not encourage Nicaraguan elites to overthrow the Sandinista government. Subsequent U.S. press reports revealed that exiled Cubans and Nicaraguans had set up bases on training camps in

Florida with the tacit approval of local and federal authorities. American threats to impose a total blockade against an already fragile Nicaraguan economy, and by Christmas Managua was filled with rumors that the United States had decided to detonate a missile on Nicaraguan soil. Holiday celebrations were on an ice shelf. But local newspapers reported that, in a timely miracle, a roadside station of the Virgin had broken out in a cold sweat.

Although the shouting between Washington and Managua has mostly been couched in diplomatic language, it is rooted in military alliances and economic warfare. The Reagan administration has repeatedly accused the Nicaraguan government of "subversion and terrorism." And Washington has



Crises: Is Washington tightening the economic noose?

also accused the Sandinistas of providing arms and moral support to the guerrilla forces of El Salvador and of leasing Soviet ships to the Soviet navy. For their part, the Sandinistas fear an invasion by members of the Honduran military and supporters of the late Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza.

More than 5,000 of Somoza's national guardsmen remained with the Hondurans. And, late last year, a Honduran air force plane carrying a group of leading Somoza elites and 15 Honduran army officers crashed in the Honduran port of Lempira. When the Nicaraguans protested, a Honduran government spokesman reacted with an accusation that Sandinista troops had killed 200 Nicaraguan Indians on Honduran soil—a charge quickly retracted. The Sandinistas claim that border raids from Honduras by Somoza bands were responsible for the deaths of 12 Nicaraguans and the disappearance of 27 others in December alone.

It is economic strangulation, however, that most acutely threatens the

stability of the Sandinista regime. The Nicaraguan economy is extremely vulnerable. Although the gross domestic product was the only one in Central America not to decline in 1981, it is still 39 per cent below the 1977 level and the country has a foreign debt of \$2.5 billion. The United States has cut off more than \$60 million in aid so far. The next round may well involve disavowal of foreign loans to the country. In October, ultraconservative U.S. Senator Jesse Helms, head of the Senate committee on the western hemisphere, requested an Inter-American Development Bank apportion to remove all recent loan disbursements for Nicaragua. A recent report for human rights, said Helms, should include "the simple observation that socialist principles degrade people and deprive them of the fruit of their own labor."

The Nicaraguan government has maintained good relations with both Western Europe and the Commonwealth. Recently, the French government announced plans to provide both military training and equipment worth \$15 to \$20 million to the 30,000-strong Nicaraguan army. But ideological divisions in the Sandinista Front have soon completely healed, and Washington's policies seem to be fueling the pro-Soviet line.

Last summer, Defense Minister Umberto Gramacho declared that the Sandinistas were struggling against "unlike regularities and internal class enemies." Then, in December, Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto made his first official trip to Moscow.

Nevertheless, Nicaragua has maintained a remarkable internal calm. Although the Sandinistas have kept a firm grip in government positions and headed off elections until 1985, they have allowed opposition parties and publications to function. Amnesty International's year-end report lauds them for eliminating the torture and executions endemic under Somoza.

Underpinning the country's stability fate will have little to do with human rights or domestic reforms. The Nicaraguans declare they are "nobody's backstop." But they find themselves at the fault line in the shift of the balance of power between the United States, Western Europe and the Soviet bloc. Caught among the superpowers, the very last consideration, in the case of Nicaragua, will likely be the Nicaraguans themselves. —ANNE NELSON

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## The frigid northern blast

Weathermen called it the "Trans-Siberian Express," and it brought with it the worst frost in a century—all the way from the Soviet Union to the western seaboard of the United States. Cities on both sides of the Atlantic staggered under a convulsive punch. Irregularly low temperatures and mood-setting avalanches of snow, sleet and rain that by week's end had left at least 249 dead—208 of them Americans.

Among Canadians, those in Ontario, where temperatures slid to -27°C, were the hardest hit. But the freezing slipstream of the Express revealed the most harsh north of the Canadian border. No lower than 75 U.S. cities were up in polar temperatures. Chicago and Minneapolis shared the record: -32°C.

Europe, too, was shuddering through some of the coldest days in memory. Even the legendary big freeze in 1945 could not compete with the -27°C experienced by Breckenridge, Scotland, the

lowest temperature since British records began in the 17th century.

Traffic snarls caused by the heavy snowfalls—a whopping 36 cm fell in parts of Wales—were tragically juxtaposed with fatal roadblocks in California which claimed at least 36 lives. All of northern Europe was weather-bound. Ireland suffered its worst blizzard in 20 years. A phenomenal 65 cm of snow in 24 hours suffocated Salzburg, Austria. In Copenhagen, Hans Christian Andersen's "Little Mermaid" was cocooned in ice as the sea froze.

At week's end, climatologists were unsure how long the arctic would last. Temperatures ranged from a few days to weeks, months—and a chilling prediction by British Prof. Hubert Lamb of the University of East Angles. The Trans-Siberian Express, he claimed, was the harbinger of a new ice age, one that could not peak for 5,000 years.

—WILLIAM LOVING, in *Washington* with Carol Kennedy in London.

Snowbound in Minnesota shops, frozen Florida citrus fruit (above right), the awesome devastation of a California earthquake. Fearful little shows of a new ice age.



## A queen and a pair of alpine kings



Canada has never had an alpine week like 11-14 World Cup races, two men's and two ladies. It all started on an icy downhill course at Grindelwald, Switzerland, when Gerd Heidegger proved that her victory in the World Championships last year was no fluke in she pulled off two six-shattering wins. It was only the third time in World Cup history that a woman has won two races in 24 hours. A day later at Kitzbühel, Austria, Steve Podbrsky was second on the most famed course in men's downhill racing—the "Hahnenkamm." Longtime friend Ken Read was right behind him. In Sapporo, Japan, Hans Balaz was the World Cup 70-m slalom king, and on Saturday, while Balaz was finishing second in the 90-m slalom, Podbrsky was a second-race at Kitzbühel, with Read taking third again.

Throughout the remarkable week, the spotlight shone most brightly on Sorocosa, a young woman with a champagne's smile long before the tapes to air.

Sorocosa's career has been anything but smooth. First in the fall of 1978, she spun out of control and into a hospital bed, with torn cartilage in her left knee. It was her first trip to Europe with Canada's national team. The result was "a huge wave just like midway train, a real doozy," she says. Similar injuries did not stop her more celebrated team-

mates, Read and Podbrsky, from rearing their cautions, but they were already at the top of the world. Sorocosa was only a training squad member and she was positively not invited back by the team in 1979. Sorocosa was already 26, but despite her advancing years she did not quit, and after a series of good results in Western Canada in 1979-80 she was invited back onto the national team.

In fact her age may really have worked in her favor at Grindelwald.

Podbrsky's winning form (top); triumphant Sorocosa a week later on either



"All the coaches noted something in Switzerland," said Canada's women's coach, Carrie Chapman, of Ottawa. "The top five finishers in the race were also the five oldest skiers I had to think that when you get a little older and are a little more mature, you have a little more mental toughness to carry you through."

Sorocosa won her two races in Grindelwald on a new course which has already been rated the most difficult in the world by six racers and officials. She did it with a wild, pull-and, hands-ahead-of-feet style, which is seldom seen in the world of women's skiing. Already some have taken to calling her a "Canadian Canadian." There's also some close to falling, her legs heading off in different directions only to be pulled back together again by thighs made strong by hundreds of hours of weightlifting and roadwork.

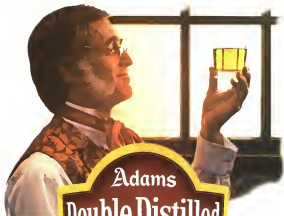
Perhaps Sorocosa's greatest fans in Europe are members of the men's team, who complemented her effectively. Said the ever-analytical Read: "I think she's passed into a new stage. Once you've won your second race you have a very good idea of what you can do, and the vitamins that follow are easier to come by. After I won my first race I took me two years to win my second." It took Sorocosa 11 months.

Consistency has also been the goal for 19-year-old Hans Balaz of Ottawa. A two-time winner last year, Balaz has had his problems in Europe. "The snow here [Sapporo] was similar to what we had to train on in Thunder Bay. We had a lot of rain in Europe and just couldn't get two jumps together."

This week the men moved on to Schladming, where last year Podbrsky was absent by a fall caused when weather halted the competition. Read won there in 1978, so did Dave Brown in 1979, prompting misery Europeans to call it the "Canadian Downhill." The women then went on to Innsbruck, Austria. The last time the women raced there, Sorocosa won.

Currently, the team is the underdog favorite for the world championship. Podbrsky leads the downhill field by 35 points (Read is fourth), and Sorocosa is in second place, only four points behind the leader. Should Canadian men and women win the championships, it would be the first time alpine outposts have been shut out. Still, the Canadians are so popular that it is a prospect even many Europeans relish.

—MATTHEW FISHER



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# Canada tightens the Mexican connection

By Ian Anderson

When Mexicans think of Canadian politicians, Pierre Trudeau usually comes to mind. But so does a surprising other figure: Ronald Industrial Japanese Minister Haru Goy. "I was very impressed with the Gray report [of 1975]," recalls Bernardo Sepúlveda, the Mexican finance department's white-kid who is likely to become Mexico's next foreign minister. Goy's analysis of the harmful effects of foreign investment was buried in a shoe in the Canadian and U.S. land-



Trudeau and son Sasha tour Arctic tundra. A \$2-billion deal could be a loser.

sea commodities. But in Mexico, where business has learned to live with rules that restrict foreign companies to just 49 per cent of a Mexican venture, Mexicanisation is in full bloom. Canada, the Mexicans suspect, may have something to learn. This message was not lost on the 32 Canadian businessmen who accompanied Trudeau—at their own expense—as his visit to Mexico last week.

For its part, Mexico can afford to be demanding. And worldwide recession it has an eight-per-cent annual economic growth rate, fuelled by the world's fourth-largest oil reserves. Business opportunities seem limitless in the rapidly emerging nation, and, for once, Canadians are finding they have a natural advantage. "There are our natural trading partners," says Donald Shaver of Cambridge, Ont., who has franchised his poultry breeding operation in 16 countries. "They can get things from us that look American, but

are not. And that is important."

Shaver and his colleagues went to Mexico primarily to promote their products and services and, as one financier put it, to be seen "where important things are being discussed."

In the event, presumably to Trudeau and Mexican President José López Portillo acted as a powerful spearhead into the upper echelons of the Mexican bureaucracy. "We need to be seen in a gesture with the president or with his officials," confessed an Canadian. "Our business partners [in Mexico] would like that."

Uruy, a city 680 km north of Mexico City.

At \$800 million annually, Canada's exports to Mexico have already tripled since 1973. "We are living a romance," says Mexico's ambassador to Ottawa, Agustín Barrón-Gómez. Yet the pragmatic Mexicans have feared Canada to accept financing terms similar to those offered by France on potential nuclear reactor sales. As a result, even if Canada wins the \$5-billion contract against eight other bidders, losses could run to \$200 million. It is a price the federal cabinet is prepared to pay to keep Canada's nuclear industry alive, government officials say.

Meanwhile, to pave the way for reactor sales and other deals, Ottawa has gone out of its way to accommodate Mexican Community agreements have been signed to make up for shortfalls in Mexico's grain production, and the Royal Canadian Mounted is producing passes to help out the overstretched Mexican coast guard. Not only would the Mexican public never tolerate such barriers being done by Americans, Mexico is also re-expressing Canada's actions. An agriculture department official accompanying Trudeau was embarrassed when a Mexican counterpart quietly let fall the news that Mexico hoped to buy 25,000 breeding cattle a year from Canada.

Portillo's openly appreciable attitude toward business is expected to continue when his longtime protégé, Miguel de la Madrid, takes over the presidency in December. In fact, when the succession was announced Sept. 25, the Mexican stock market took a record leap when it heard the name of Portillo's former minister and budget minister.

As the author of Mexico's development plan, de la Madrid reflects the growing scepticism of the 70 million. Import barriers have fallen and businessmen are flocking to the country. An average of 200 Canadians a month made business trips to Mexico last year, eight times the monthly number in 1970. It is an interest that is growing despite the fact that the development plan demands transfers of technology in return for investment approval by the Foreign Investment Commission. A decade ago, the Mexicans identified foreign domination of their industrial base as the Canadian disease. "As trade links open, the dog has disappeared. Yet it is with quiet assurance that Sepúlveda remarks "Mexico has found its way, Canada is finding it."

# A guru and a two-legged stool

By Rodrick McQueen

The economy, oil price, at trouble me.

You are not the first, my son, pull up a stool.

First, what is the Bank of Canada up to?

Ah, the central bank, under the vigilant hand of the Minister of Finance, keeps our money supply growing at just the right rate.

Right?

Three per cent a year, a mere trickle compared to the 14 per cent of 10 years ago.

This helps? Don't reflect on it double-digit?

Don't be impatient. Even Joe Clark, when he was King for a Day, respected the bank's governor to another seven-year term proving that there is bipartisan support for conservatism and the rack.

But what does Clark know?

There are some questions, my son, that even a guru can't answer.

Well then, show me where all this tight money policy has gotten us.

It has stopped the Canadian dollar from falling through the 50-cent floor and into the cellar with apples.

And with me Florida incentive expense?

Why not? Foreign travel should be eliminated by constitutional fiat. It upsets our balance of payments.

What are the costs of living with the rest of the world as opposed to the costs of living without it?

What else has been accomplished by the shackles of the strong dollar?

The government has a budgetary surplus. The 200 deficit of \$14 billion should shrink to zero by 1985.

Is that for enough?

What next programs would you like to spend it on?

You're beginning to sound like a politician.

Sorry.

But, look, doesn't that shrinkage come mostly from the new federal money paid created by the Ontario/Alberta oil deal?

Here. Maybe that old juggler Edger Benson is still minister of finance and to me he's the best to tell us.

Does that couldn't explain our economic dilemma?

My son, my son, a short and shallow recession never hurt a soul. And as someone said long ago in a going for long short-term gain for long-term gain.

So now we have rampant inflation, rampant unemployment, high interest rates and a recession?

That's why they keep shuffling the cabinet in Ottawa. Like ladies in disguise.



last fall's

pers, they should never have to sit for too long in their own seats.

This New York economist, Henry Kaufman, he seems accurate.

Kaufman is the thickest man's Joe Gervase.

When he said, earlier this month, that interest rates will soon shoot upward to control inflation, why did the stock market plummet?

Because corporate profits will shrink like so many bad weather in the south.

For everyone but the banks, right?

Wrong. About the dead any nothing but good. Their most recent quarter tanked. Any money they made came earlier in 1981. The current quarter will be hurt-also. The spread is too thin.

That's spread you mean, something for sale.

There may not be much toast in your future.

What of that other trouble spot, Manay Porcupine?

Control Black's lumberhouse?

The same. I see only one death, my son, a company sinking in the hot winds that bring drought to the grasslands and death to the herds.

And the corb's companion?

More restrictions in Japanese imports, more losses for North American makers and a grand old name lost to bankruptcy or merger.

No bright spots?

My crystal ball has been black and blue for some time.

Enough, Monsieur.

You were expecting a Harlequin Romance, maybe? Nerve. Jean-Pierre's Job?

Surely there must be some recession-proof industries.

Yes, that's true of them, the government bureaucracy and letters and large games, the last great growth industries.

Can we not look to Ronald Reagan to save us?

Reaganism is not just a magical economy, it is also in place.

If not him, who? If not him, who?

My son, are you better off now than you were a year ago?

Terrible. But what is all this talk in the U.S. of supply-side, anyway?

That's when governments, like income taxes, turn everything over to the private sector and let business produce all the wealth it wants.

Is that new?

It's the flip side of 80 years of John Maynard Keynes, who pleaded for increased government spending and deep deficits.

What else did Keynes say?

That in the long run we'd all be dead. The first statement by an economist that I've ever understood. Can this U.S. economy help us?

Maybe. If things pick up there, our export sales will get a boost. Meanwhile, we're more likely to get Dallas than dollars.

One last question. Why does my stool have only two legs?

The last guy, some fellow called King MacLachlan, tripped over his ball and broke it as he fell screaming.

Where was he headed?

I believe he was about something about going back to the drawing board.





# The uneven record of the first year

By Michael Posner

When historians begin to tell the story of Ronald Reagan's remarkable debut in Washington, they will confront a stark dilemma: In his first 12 months in office, the American president did virtually everything he set out to do—and much of what he promised to do—and accomplished almost nothing. His successes were both enormous and enigmatic, his failures at once trivial and awesome. If the lesson needed repetition, the Reagan era in its infancy again finds the world in the real constraints of presidential power at home and the limits of American influence abroad.

This week, as Reagan celebrates the first anniversary of his resplendent inauguration, evoking unguessed memories of one of the most auspicious presidential beginnings, he cannot ponder that paradox. On the surface, his successes—his budget, tax and civil service cuts, his control of Congress and his anti-inflationary policies—have been such success that behind each success has lurked failure—rising deficits, a foreign policy that seems to favor the rich at the expense of the poor. At the end of 12 months, Reagan's achievements and shortcomings stand in an awkward and precarious balance.

At first, the year seemed to move with purpose and energy. Reagan came to Washington gleefully to get government "off the backs of the people." And by December, he had cut the federal budget by almost \$40 billion, an achievement previously regarded as unachievable. He had sold massive tax cuts were needed to restart the economy. Accordingly, decisively (and off Democrats' anger) Republicans, he legislated the biggest cut in personal income tax by any chief executive in U.S. history. At the same time, he virtually abolished corporate income taxes.

Not only that: Reagan had vowed to trim Washington's bloated public service rolls, and, with his help, public service jobs in 1981 declined for the first time in 38 years. He had promised to ease businessmen's regulatory burden—and he did. Indeed Reagan's 1981 Federal Register—the nation's official rulebook—was 25,000 pages shorter than the 58,553-page

1980 edition. As a candidate, Reagan had stressed the vital need to restore America's defenses. As president, he launched a program of military expansion and weapons procurement on a scale not seen since the Vietnam War.

He also steered the nation's largest area transfer ever—an \$18-billion package to Saudi Arabia—through a reluctant Congress. Then, despite vigorous opposition from his own conservative supporters, he fought for and won the appointment of the first American woman—Sandra Day O'Connor—to the Supreme Court. And against the awesome weight of institutional inertia, Reagan began a radical, 380-day reorientation of social policy, transforming everything from intelligence-gathering to occupational health standards. In the process, he dismembered a great many one-sided laws.

It was perhaps Murray Weidenbaum, the president's economic adviser, who best noted the administration's leitmotif, portraying a year of economic activity: "Don't just stand there," he once said. "Undo something."

Where Reagan's initiatives were successful, he stirred an adjunction of hyperbole rarely escaped by any recent White House occupant. In his conservative manner of Congress, he was fervently opposed to Lyndon Johnson. In his cool command of the media, he was likened to John Kennedy. In his ability to soothe concerns about the economy, he seemed to some observers like F.D.R. misnomers. And in his willingness to use the presidency as a bully pulpit, he evoked the spirit of Teddy Roosevelt.

Indeed, measured against his recent predecessors, Reagan was a paradigm of virtue. He was not vindictive like Jimmy Carter, dull like Jerry Ford or suspicious like Richard Nixon. Even those who most savagely attacked his policies liked and respected Reagan himself. "Politics is polite," said House Speaker Tip O'Neill after an acerbic confrontation with Reagan. "We may disagree during the day, but once 6 p.m. we become friends."

That faith was repeated constantly. Parades of congressmen from both parties streamed up Pennsylvania Avenue for a presidential audience and managed transporting Reagan's press. There were no headlines. "He was simple, straightforward and seems enough to laugh at himself," a New York organization was founded in 1919, the



The newsmen (top left) the establishment strength concerning many of the constraints on presidential power.



Reagan with (from left) economy czar Murray Weidenbaum, Treasury Secretary David Stockman, and two other men.

75-year-old president told the Washington Press Club one night last winter. "We mean his only presidency."

But Reagan was also firm and self-reliant. He came east from California offering a message of renewal and he intended to stick with it. "The era of self-doubt is over," he proclaimed at one point. "We can't be stampeded now by frontal or fear. We have to stay on a steady course."

And yet, as his first year in power ends and the president looks ahead at the obstacles in his path, it is clear that his swiftness has not yet accomplished a great deal. In June, the first \$35 billion in hard-won spending cuts—viewed against the rising tide of federal debt—were lingers in some politically porous dille. By September, the president was back on Capitol Hill seeking billions more in cuts. Once granted, even those proved temporary. Within weeks, almost as severe proportion to his efforts, the 1982 deficit spiraled from its original

target—\$29.1 billion—to \$60 billion. The upward surge was relentless—\$70 billion, \$80 billion, \$90 billion. Finally, it struck the once unthinkable level of \$110 billion. The projections for the last two years of Reagan's first term—1983 and 1984—were bleak as still. The cumulative deficit for the three years: \$400 billion.

For a president who had once solemnly pledged to balance the books by 1983, if not sooner, these dizzying increases from the administration's own economists could scarcely be taken as evidence of his dependability. As New York investment wizard Felix Rohatyn put it, "These deficits almost guarantee that any economic recovery will immediately be choked off by rising interest rates, keeping our economy stagnating, with high unemployment and inflation."

And that was the good news. Politically, the deficits were potentially lethal—for Republicans in the 1982 congressional elections and the conservative movement in 1984. The Republicans were banking on the personal tax cut to spur savings and investment, but once again reality refused to follow the script. Flashed in over three years, the 36 per cent cut will not deliver maximum results until 1985. Considered now,

senator Arthur Lauder. "People are putting off investments now in what for most favorable tax situations."

An early and ardent advocate of supply-side theory—the notion that cutting marginal tax rates ultimately increases tax revenues—Lauder remained bullish. But other economists noted that state and municipal tax hikes would soon begin to offset the Reagan reductions. In 1983 alone, some \$2.1 billion in new sales and excise taxes were approved by state legislatures. And where there were no outright increases, there were new variations. The Reagan tax program, declared Vermont Governor Richard Felting—a conservative Republican—“is an economic Big Bang.”

More damaging was the growing agreement that Reagan's tax bill was weighted far too heavily in favor of the rich. One study, by a New York consulting firm, compared the impact of tax and budget cuts at four income levels. Those earning less than \$10,000 a year lost 1.5 percent of their income, more than \$48,000 received major net gains. “That was deliberate policy,” says Syracuse University political scientist Tom Patterson. “They definitely wanted to favor the ‘haves.’ They see that as their constituency. It was very calculated.”

Nothing undermined that perception more sharply than Budget Director David Stockman's candid confession to the *Atlantic* in December. The foremost apostle of Reagan's economic crusade, Stockman described the individual tax cuts as merely a cover for the administration's real purpose: to cut taxes on restricted defense, capital gains and other business tax breaks. In fact, he told *Atlantic*, the administration's tax strategy was “a very simple idea: money is not being lost, it's being saved, and it's being saved in a very real sense—the old Republican trickle-down theory dressed up in new trappings.”

From the beginning the Reagan partners had been counting on a dramatic reversal in popular expectations. Simply unrolling the program, they implied, would release long pent-up entrepreneurial urges. Six weeks into the Reagan era, presidential counselor Edwin Meese conceded impatiently: “We are talking about something that is well over 50 per cent, and maybe 60 per cent, psychological.”

Reagan's men who sold a confidence game. Like Bushman's Ayn Rand devotees, the administration marketed what is nearly always fashionable in America, the new, improved version of a suddenly old and therefore outmoded product. But the we're-all-oldies sophistry fooled few converts, particularly where they were needed most—on Wall Street. There were no sustained bull markets, no sudden inflations of stock capital. Asked about Wall Street's hesitancy at a White House luncheon, Stockman noted the brutal truth: “I don't believe financial markets buy announcements,” he said. “They only measure results.”

In the latter category there are few hopeful signs. The restrictive monetary policy of the Federal Reserve Board finally began to shrink inflation, by year's end inflation had ebbed to a relatively manageable nine per cent. But even this modest success turned transitory into loss. Inevitably, tight money pushed interest rates to near-record highs, forcing thousands of businesses into bankruptcy and putting hundreds of thousands of people out of work. In one 26-week period, more than 10,000 men lost their jobs. It was more than a year earlier. The cycle was pernicious. High interest rates brought as the economy, which led to higher federal deficits and nine per cent unemployment. The latter, in turn, produced still higher deficits. These were precisely the consequences critics of Reaganomics had repeatedly forecast.

By October Reagan's economic policy seemed to be unraveling itself. The campaign pledge of a balanced budget by 1983 was postponed to 1984. Then it was downgraded from a

promise to “a goal.” And when talk about balancing the books became synonymous with deflation, administration spokesmen began to suggest that deficits were not necessarily linked to inflation and perhaps did not matter after all.

The administration itself appeared to be seriously divided. Die-hard supply-siders and the answer to no-man's-land to accelerate the tax cuts. Others, including Stockman, Chief of Staff James Baker and key Republicans in Congress, were pushing the president to restrict his tax cuts, defer them, or to impose new “revenue enhancers.”

But at the second chapter of the Reagan saga began, none of the available options looked tempting. Encouraging the Federal Reserve to relax the money supply would mitigate the recession but almost certainly spark a new round of inflation. Significant tax increases would not only smother the recovery but—since Reagan's popular support was tied with it to the country's credit—also risked the loss of the country's creditworthiness. The only remaining solution to higher deficits was more painful budget surgery.

Three vital organs, however—defense, social security and interest payments on existing debt—were untouchable. The rest of the federal spending pie consisted of mere morsels. Last week, as the president put the finishing touches on his 1983 budget proposal, the unacceptable truth was that even if he wiped out every discretionary program and shut down every nonessential agency, he would not begin to put a serious dent in the soaring deficits.

Given the economy's perturbations, it was hardly surprising to hear the president's new strategy for his first term in office. “I am going to be at the risk of some factual distortion. The president himself used one of his rare press conferences to boast about the number of meetings—79—he had held with visiting statesmen. His remarks were only slightly less empty than his extraordinary claim: “I am confident that we do have a foreign policy.”

Most Washington analysts were prepared to concede the point. But the efficacy of that policy was another matter. The day after his humiliating defeat at the polls, a senior Jimmy Carter summoned journalists to his office. “Inevitably, history will record this,” he told them. “are such that we don't have control over some things that we formerly did.” It was a lesson that the Reagan administration would also learn. In politics, as in trade and diplomacy, the world was no longer afraid of Uncle Sam.

West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, unwilling to sacrifice either the fruits of détente or dreams of German reunification, refused to condemn Soviet complicity in Poland—putting a severe strain on the Atlantic Alliance. French President François Mitterrand, while citing Moscow's meddling, still agreed to sell arms to Nicaragua—a nation the U.S. had not yet written off as a Soviet proxy.

In other foreign policy moves, the White House based an eleven-hour victory on the controversial sale of fighter planes to Saudi Arabia, and the Royal Family gratefully acknowledged the favor by mining oil prices and cutting production. To compensate the Israelis, the Pentagon signed an accord on strategic co-operation, and Jerusalem promptly accused the Golan Heights. From Ottawa to Tokyo, it was a confused first year for U.S. policy makers.

Repeatedly, Washington found itself adapting to forces that defied its best attempts at leverage. The Reagan approach to the Soviet Union was a case in point. The president began his term with aggressive anti-Soviet rhetoric, accusing the polebrians of lying and cheating to attain his single goal: world revolution. Then, Secretary of State Alexander Haig saw the Kremlin's bloody hand adding and shorting ter-

Exclusive: an unlikely a character as Washington has seen



rorial movements. In one sense, the administration was pursuing the last offers in détente. “If the movement from cold war to détente is perceived,” said the secretary of defense, Charles Weinberger, “then we can't afford more progress.”

Yet within months, hard-line Reagan had lifted the embargo on Soviet grain sales, adapted Europe's “arms export” stance on theater nuclear arms talks with Moscow, and pointedly signaled his interest in seeking a 1989 summit with Soviet Premier Gorbachev. The initiatives marked no basic shift in American policy. Rather, they were adjustments imposed on Washington by the swelling chorus of peaceful sentiment in Western Europe. The neutralist movement overseas was putting intense pressure on allied governments to revise their 1957 treaty demands to install theater nuclear weapons in the region. To keep that commitment on track, the United States sought at least to keep the lines of eastern European open to the Kremlin.

Even the Reagan sanctions imposed after the crackdown in Poland carefully stopped short of steps that would have seriously strained the alliance—declaring Poland in default of its loans or ending the Geneva arms talks. It was all Washington could do to contradict the anti-Soviet campaign. If the universe was not as troubling as it seemed in Europe, the Middle East seemed positively perverse. The Reagan administration began by espousing a concept of strategic consensus—designed to wed Arab and Israeli allies to the Pentagon's Soviet containment policies. But the Arabs wanted no part of the marriage. The Saudis refused the American request to increase military aid to the Gulf states, what they viewed as Washington's preferential treatment of the Israelis. For its part, Jerusalem was suspicious of the president's easy rapprochement with the Saudis. Reagan pulled the only remaining card—the Camp David peace process—but the assassination of Anwar Sadat and the implacable opposition of Syria, Jordan, and the Saudis left the entire region a tinderbox waiting for a match.

Elsewhere, the administration's diplomacy seemed deflated by stalemate. The Japanese gradually voted a fractional increase in defense spending but rejected American efforts to meet import barriers. The president enjoyed only limited personal rapport with Mexico's Rafael Ángel Torrujo, yet they were profoundly divided by their outlook on Central America's leftward drift. Alexander Haig had claimed American resolve to “go to the source” in the Caribbean—a thinly veiled reference to Cuban-sponsored insurgency in El Salvador. But there, as in Nicaragua, the administration seemed unable to remove events. “Everything has been said, but very little has been done,” complained Assistant Walter Lauder, reviewing the first year of Reagan foreign policy. “A strategy is not yet in sight, only occasional remarks, promises and reactions—sometimes conflicting, often inconsistent.”

Clearly, there were some legitimate foreign policy successes. With the aid of Saudi bank accounts, Philip Habib was able to buy a cease-fire, albeit tenuous, in south Lebanon. After protracted consultations, international terrorism problems appeared within reach. But against the large canvas of failure, these were mere flecks.

It is customary in Washington to give a new administration a six-month period of grace. The Reaganites, led by an irascible character as Washington has seen in a long while, were the better part of the year. The second 18 months will certainly be harder. The nation will be less patient in waiting for solutions, more intolerant of excuses. Harmed as by nervous or intractable aches, a moribund economy and Soviet nuclear parity, Americans have discovered that the world is no longer the safe, easy, predictable place they once knew. In 1982, it will be Ronald Reagan's unbearable task to persuade his countrymen that better days are just over the horizon. Still, he managed to do just that once before. □

# The grooming of a First Lady

By Jane O'Hara

Throughout the U.S. presidential campaign, Nancy Reagan chose her husband's modish, courtly white-tie stops that might lure out her "Broom" and always, always, perfectly poised. Her glossy eyes were firmly fixed on the firmament of Ronald Reagan. Her glass smile was permanently configured for the photographers. Except for one blunder at a Republican fund-raiser in Chicago where she looked up and said how nice it was to see all these "beautiful white faces," Nancy Reagan made no mistake. With her Monseigneur Marie Antoinette and her \$500 hard-to-erase Adolfo true-blue curls, she was the complete companion—a career actress turned career political wife. With control her companion, there was neither a hair nor a handstand out of place.

But in the past 19 months, the polished ideologue taken has turned on the First Lady. Lately, Nancy Reagan's coffers and haute couture have caused as much controversy in the White House as the sale of American *SWANS* to the Senate Democrats on Capitol Hill, hoards on the coast of any political blood, are planning to use Nancy's spendthrift style to woo line-order voters in this year's congressional elections. And the American public has been quick to register its criticism. In a recent Gallup poll, Nancy Reagan was revealed to be the least loved of the past six American First Ladies, with 39 per cent of those surveyed voicing disapproval. In the same survey, 62 per cent said that she placed too much emphasis on style and elegance during a time of federal budget cuts and economic hardship.

Although it is true that Jackie Kennedy was accused for doing the same thing in the '60s—that is, bragging white-tie glances and money in the White House—Americans in the '80s are cynical about another Camelot. They are fed up with the notion of an Imperial Presidency. Born a country such as Britain, renowned for giving independence to her empire, was ruled by Nancy's personal style. During her trip to London last July for the wedding of Prince Charles, she was booed by British crowds and got the Brown cheer from the press. The *Times* of London took offense at Nancy Reagan's designer diplomacy, saying she had "inspired more engagements into the week before the royal wedding than Alice's white rabbit."

On the other hand, Nancy has not been short of gallant defenders. When the singing started, President Reagan complimented his wife with saying a "bum rap" from the press. Her son Ron added, "I don't know anyone who can be more charming than she is." Her friends—a class of California actresses themselves married to wealthy Republicans—speak of her as secure, vulnerable, generous and outrageously sentimental. Nancy herself says simply, "I am just being myself. Anything else would be phony."

Nevertheless, a different image has unfolded. It started taking shape during the inaugural last January when she rolled into town with a \$25,000 wardrobe for that day's events. Her first public act, announcing the \$750,000 refurbishing of the White House private quarters—complete with Persian rug in the newly constructed beauty salon—raised eyebrows even though the money came from private donations. Then, at the same time that the administration was talking about cutting school lunches, Nancy was out buying \$250,000 worth of chairs for the presidential dinner table.

Nancy in the Red Room of the White House: the completed job



With deaf children (left) and congressional wives, placing too much emphasis on style and elegance during hard times

Call it bad timing, or blithe insensitivity to American hard times, but Nancy Reagan's last-time-out-jolly-beans attitude has been hard to sell in Middle America. American feminists are still in her court effort, viewing her as a howling wolf, a startling anachronism in the face of the advances of the women's movement. Her autobiography, *Nancy*, as sprinkled with revelations such as the one that her real life "Broom" when I married my husband? American feminist Betty Friedan merely shakes her head. "Nancy and I went to South College together and she was a very nice girl before all of us. She's done nothing so far for women, but I'm still hopeful she will use the office in some meaningful way."

In her own defense, Nancy Reagan says that controversy "comes to go with the job." Lately, she has been reading the biographies of former First Ladies to compare notes. Eleanor Roosevelt was lambasted by the press for the criticism that now appears laudable. Betty Ford was criticized for being outspoken. Republican Carter, who was dubbed the "Iran Magician" for sitting in on her husband's cabinet meetings, was denigrated for being so down-home and downy. Now, just when it seems the Reagans have reached the last Wilhelmina reward from the White House, the press is getting giddy again.

The most recent attack on the First Lady came from Washington Post columnist Judy Mann, who ridiculed Nancy for being "far more interested in being stylish than socially useful." This trapped a flood of letters to the editor, including a lengthy apology from Helen Roosevelt, the wife of Theodore Roosevelt's grandson and one of the blue-chip Washingtonians courted by Nancy in her quest to get to know Washington society. Write Roosevelt: "Let's face it. Most First Ladies can't see, whatever they do."

Perhaps one of the reasons Nancy Reagan has attracted so much scorn is that she seems immune to slings and arrows. At 58, her perfect nose, no frown, bright hazel eyes and her mask of self-control make it appear that she has not weathered many personal storms. Such is not the case. By any standards Nancy Reagan had a marriage civilized. Her father, a used-car salesman named Kenneth Robinson, left his wife shortly after Nancy was born. Nancy's mother, Edith Lockert, an actress, went on tour from the time Nancy was 2 until she was 6, leaving her daughter with relatives. When the time came in 1923, however, her mother gave up her acting career to play full-time wife to a brilliant American entrepreneur, Dr. Royal D'Arcy. In her autobiography, Nancy reveals that her mother "helped me enhance [D'Arcy's] career by improving his social contacts."

In many ways, Nancy followed in her mother's footsteps. After marrying Reagan in 1952 she gave up her acting career

which had begun on the Broadway stage and had ended after making 11 Hollywood "B" movies. Now, as her 30th anniversary approaches, the Reagans are undoubtedly still a love match. He calls her "Nemesis." She calls him her "Bella." Although insiders note that Nancy does not hold the same political sway with her husband as did Franklin Carter with Jimmy, her influence on the president can not be underestimated. Nancy Reagan is her husband's most loyal lieutenant and can be cutthroat when it comes to protecting his interests. While she has no fascination for the men and bells of party-making, it is said she has more political savvy and is better judge of people than her husband. White House aides quiver more at the thought of losing her confidence than the president's. "Her attention is tied to what he wants," says Nancy Reynolds, a longtime friend and vice-president of the Bendis Corp. "If that means being First Lady then that's fine with her."

In Nancy Reagan the vain Dragon Lady that some perceive? Or is she, as her husband says, a worrier, a sentimental housewife who "see try ever sending the laundry out?" Admittedly, the cost of Nancy Reagan's Christmas gown has been a matter of national concern. Some of her former partners she has made appearances on behalf of teenage drug abuse and has continued to sponsor the Foster Grandparent program which she started in California. Several of her 16-nominee staff in the west wing of the White House say that in the early days of the presidency almost 90 per cent of gross inquiries dealt with her wardrobe. That came to a halt in October when the White House said that it would neither confirm nor deny further clothes questions after a story leaked out that the First Lady had not only worn a bulletproof shirt, but that she had also been fitted for a Kevlar coat lining.

To her own credit, Nancy has also tried to deflect the growing attacks. In November, borrowing London Parvo, one of her husband's speech writers—who has also written one-liners for comedian Rich Little—Nancy tried poking fun at herself at a dinner in New York. Referring to her self-styling "Queen Nancy" postcards, which depicted her in crown and mink, she kidded "I never wear a crown. It would mean up my hair." She then made a flitting reference to her new project, "The Nancy Reagan House for Wayward Children."

It will take more than a few quips to change Nancy Reagan's image. The possibility that she may one day become a serious political liability for her husband will probably alter things more quickly. For now, she is like the Fifth Avenue window displays where she so lovingly lingers—entirely presentable but equally unapproachable. Then again, maybe she is just being herself. ☺

# Sniping across the undefended border

By Michael Posner

Close to the center of even the worst poison has an area of near or complete calm. Until recently, it was best—*at the very edge of the storm*—that negotiators of Canadian-American relations had dropped anchor. Having just emerged from the roughest gales of weather witnessed in a decade, Ottawa and Washington were enjoying a brief respite, calculating the damage that had been done and assessing the fury of the tempest through which they might just have to pass. But this month, with the U.S. government's formal complaint to GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) on Canada's investment policies, the peace of these halcyon days seems about to come to an abrupt end.

The present storm clouds on the lack of attention by the respective governments. Pierre Trudeau and Ronald Reagan have met privately five times since March. Three U.S. cabinet secretaries have trod up to Ottawa, even more Canadian ministers have been south. And there have been dozens of sessions involving the bureaucrats. There is little to show for these consultations, save the lingering role of dispute. Fish, carbon, potatoes, wheat, sugar, horses, automobiles, pipelines, rail, oil, investment, cars, airplanes: the chit in a perpetual *Sechely* on them on the long agenda has not been touched by frost. For example, when Industry Minister Henri Groulx dropped by the Pentagon last long ago for a chit with Caspar Weinberger about Canada's military hardware sales to the U.S., the secretary of defense asked a slight, baring disavowal: "My Groulx got the message."

Part of this friction is explained by the new political mood in Washington. The Reagan administration is moving to reduce government participation in the economy. It began its work with a series of regulations and free trade agreements, and the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA)—now emphasizing expansion of the state's role. Fundamentally differing ideologies now dominate the two capitals. Writing recently in *Foreign Affairs*, Harold Mahabney, a former U.S. deputy assistant secretary of state, and Marie-Josée Desros, executive director of the Hudson Institute, offer this sobering appraisal: "The two governments seem to be on a collision course. It is a conflict that political leaders cannot fully control."

Significantly, it is not just Canada who are playing supplicant. Not since Lang John Caniney scaled the corridors of the Treasury department during the Nixon years have the Americans ascribed as having a table of grievances. It consists chiefly of GATT and FIRA, which they view as discriminatory against U.S. investors. "I find a fair number of people who understand Canada's motivation," says William Doyle Jr., a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, "and I find others who don't share that perspective. But either way, they think the U.S. is discriminatory."

The U.S. has not been shy about pressing its case. In Ottawa, the pro-Indian lobbying was particularly fierce. In Washington, the Americans resorted to direct pressure leads to raise the spectre of reprisal. Modest preliminary steps have already been taken, including the appeal at Gatt. That the administration has not yet acted more decisively has been due to several factors, not least Ronald Reagan himself. Despite the ongoings of hard-liners in the department of commerce and environmental watchdogs, the president has personally shored up each quarter that might leave lasting scars on Canadian-U.S. relations. It is not that Reagan is reluctant to play tough, but his political instinct tells him now is not the time.

The state department, too, has checked the reticency of William Brock's Trade office. At one stage, for example, some voices were heard suggesting that the administration furnish a delegation of Alberta politicians—a gesture that would have fallen outside the permissible area of the Canadian-American trade talks. Diplomats in State brought that proposal to a quick end.

Such discipline is as much enlightened self-interest as sound diplomacy. Some retaliatory actions could work against Washington. Other, more personal, ones would risk making the Reaganite policy of the same as they have pinned on a Canadian nationalist, integrity, based on the slogan of capital. For his part, Pierre Trudeau has also played with some restraint. Blooded again in the 1980 were made plans for injecting muscle into the war were temporarily shelved. And the federal budget with its statement on industrial policy was not an unmitigated American investment as had been feared.

As the recent GATT initiatives illustrate, however, these dangers of good will dissipate, but cannot repair, the basic rift. What is at stake in Canada's vital national interest—to increase production and employment, to promote research and development, to subject foreign-controlled firms to strict performance criteria—in discrimination to foreigners, most of whom are American. By the same token, what is at America's vital global interest—the freest possible access to markets and resources—is almost certain to perpetuate the historic Canadian complaint: economic pressure.

Malgreé and Trudeau favor a new approach to Canadian-American relations. They would create a joint economic commission to review emerging problems and to recommend solutions, as well as a joint cabinet committee to prevent embryonic disputes from becoming major crises. A formal framework, they contend, would provide a quiet place in which policy differences could be reconciled.

But as Ottawa's ambassador to Washington, Alan Gotlib, noted recently, Canadians are skeptical of "creeping institutionalization." Gotlib's answer is to stick with the status quo of pragmatism, flexibility, consensus. Presumably, that is also the prevailing view at 34 Sussex Drive. ☐



Trudeau and Reagan in Ottawa, shaking hands

# Disquiet on Reagan's Western front

By William Scobie

The West in Reagan country is the 70-year-old president's political backyard and his home. It is also the fief of his wealthy "Silicon canyon" pals who helped him rise to office and the ultimate source of his grassroots strength. But as the population center of the United States slipped quietly across the Mississippi last year for the first time in history—creating a majority of voters in the West—the address grew restless in Ronald Reagan's western empire. He was battered from the right and the left with a barrage of complaints that promises had not been kept.

Reagan's week-long Christmas and New Year's vacation spent the president's western parishioners. The first family took a costly stay at the plush Los Angeles Century Plaza Hotel, helicopter on side trips to their beloved Santa Barbara "Ranch in the Skies."

They visited San Francisco publisher Walter Annenberg's 200-acre Palm Springs estate, where the 60-year-old New Year's Eve guests included Frank Sinatra, Irene Dunne, Al Hagg and other high help from the capital. "I read where the president's trip back home cost \$250,000," ran one of many state letters to the California press. "I wonder how many school lunches that would buy?" Others grumbled that the president's are California holidays in his first year in office had cost the taxpayers \$300,000 in Air Force One bills alone.

But it was not merely the high-Rogers Reagan lifestyle that bothered westerners. As the nation's unemployment figures edged close to the 10 million mark, states and cities everywhere are struggling to find money to pay social services lost by the "new federalism." Under the program cities and states are handed fewer federal dollars but given more freedom over how to spend them. But the odd reality is that in California alone services have been cut by some \$100,000,000, and disabled people. At a recent gathering of the National League of Cities, speaker after speaker assailed the new federalism as "a sham and a sham." Said Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield, a Republican: "It boils down to taking from the truly needy to give to the truly greedy."

On the money policy battlefield of Reagan's first year, nowhere has the feeling been fiercer than over the environment—especially in the West. Reagan unleashed Interior Secretary James Watt against "environmental extremists" as the administration calls bodies such as the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth. The born again Watt, 48, proceeded to endorse a 40-percentage 100-percentage cut in the environmental budget. That meant stripping away 96 percent of the funds for acquiring new public lands, 50 percent of the money for solar energy and conservation research, and 85 percent of the coastal zone management budget.

Watt surprised the "extremists" in December by reducing by one-third his notorious plan to open up almost one million

offshore acres on the West Coast to oil drillers. It turned out that local Republicans had warned the White House that Watt's scheme was so unpopular that the oil stored in danger of losing five congressional races this year—and thus the hopes of controlling the House. Even with the setback, the acreage up for lease remains 10 times greater than what has been offered in the past. The president, from his "Ranch in the Skies," will soon be seeing new oil rigs set in Santa Barbara Bay, site of the giant 1980 oil spill.

Then and other Westcoastians have prompted a 1.1-million-signature petition for the sequester secretary's resignation. But there are several other Reagan-Watt schemes that are disturbing westerners even more, including the "virtual desertification," as the *New York Times* called it, of the Environmental Protection Agency. The EPA now plans to bring in the lower water pollution standards long sought by Detroit.

Other projects involve allowing a major increase of waste dumping in the ocean, to oblige chiefly the oil and gas drilling firms, despite the West Coast's "Seabed" protests. Meanwhile, on the right, too, there is growing unease. The "agribusiness wheel," western state leaders and big farmers, complains that Reagan is going back on his word to build over millions of acres of federal lands to local control. "Now that they are in the White House, they think they know what's best for the West," says Nevada state Senator Keith Ashworth. "They don't need a signpost."

And those to whom Reagan was the towering champion of free enterprise are shocked that he should approve without a murmur the \$43-billion Alaska natural gas pipeline. Still, the oil and gas pipeline will reap the eventual profits, while U.S. gas users will be left with extra bills of up to \$50 a year for 30 years to finance the giant project.

Nonetheless, there are a few westerners happy with Reagan's first year. Westerners do not mind Reagan cutting taxes on rubbing their hands over the first-year \$1.5-billion industry spending plan. The very wealthy, such as Reagan's kitchen cabinet friends, with big incomes from interest and dividends, can expect a tax cut from the 70-percentage bracket to 50 percent or better. The top 4,000 corporations will collect 30 percent of the nation's income.

Billsman. Armand Hammer is clearly the happiest and most satisfied of the group. The head of Occidental Petroleum has not only seen his tax problems—a complex matter that prevented him from using millions in tax credits because of profits earned overseas—eliminated by Reagan. As well, the helpful president has appointed Hammer head of his highly profitable oil and gas company. In the West, as in many American towns, says Hasker Chemical, the company that runs the United States Low Carbon Council, among the larger Reagan constituency, that appointment—like so many others—will do little to enhance the president's shaken western image. ☐



Anti-Watt protesters in Minneapolis protest oil spill

# The slow agony of Democrats in exile

By William Lowther

Just a 30-minute drive from Capitol Hill, amid the wealth and narrow streets of old Georgetown, the aristocratic Pamela Harriman is plotting a comeback for the Democratic party. From the library of her million-dollar home, Mrs. Harriman—daughter of an English lord, former wife of Winston Churchill's dissipated son, Randolph—is running Democrats for the '80s. Forty-two of those weeks she calls in the club and sits among the party faithful for dinner, a top talk in the conversation. Over the next few years, she hopes to raise and spend a million dollars to support Democratic candidates in November's congressional elections. Says the 61-year-old wife of 80-year-old violinist Aynoff Harriman: "I'm trying to get the party flowing within the party so we don't back on the march."

It is ironic that the party's last lady of high society should be a prime behind-the-scenes mover in the fight to get America's oldest major political party back on its feet. She took the job last year simply because no one else was doing it. Indeed, after the landslide Ronald Reagan victory robbed them of the presidency, control of the Senate and 33 seats in the House, the Democrats have been suffering from shock and stunned disbelief.

Legitimate party strongmen such as Walter Mondale, Frank Church and Birch Bayh are out of office. Just as important, their well-trained staffs—the backbone of the organization—are unemployed. Mondale and most of the former senators are now working for Washington law firms, meeting at Mrs. Harriman's, and trying to keep in touch with those who need to advise and work for them.

As they up their toes and stretch, the out-of-work Democrats can underestimate the most vital sign of their party's health—the lankier fund raising. Last year the Democratic congressional campaign committee raised a meager \$5 million. Its Republicans counterpart raised \$40 million. The reason is simple: the Republicans can raise vast sums because they can give and keep political promises. The Democrats are so out of power that they can promise nothing.

Just how little influence the Democrats have on Capitol Hill was illustrated last month when the Senate foreign relations committee met in private for a briefing by Congressman Mingo, the state's national intelligence officer for Latin America. Mingo, a conservative theorist, joined the CIA last September after working for the Hudson Institute, a research and policy center that supported Reagan in the election. Mingo was to present supporting evidence for Reagan administration charges against Cuba.

Taken Democratic by surprise, the briefing is a fairy. They claimed that all Mingo delivered was a policy statement that listed all of the regime's problems to Havana with scant evidence to back up each a thesis. But, apart from complaining about what was clearly an attempt to keep operational

intelligence information from them, the Democrats could do little. They may have the right to be informed, but they clearly do not have the power to enforce that right.

In her attempts to reverse the political helplessness, Mrs. Harriman has now been joined by a wide array of groups, including the Center for National Policy, headed by former party workhorse Ted Van Dyk, Americans for Common Sense, headed by former senator George McGovern, the Committee for the Future of America, launched by former vice-president Mondale, Senator Robert Kennedy's Fund for the World, USA's Independent Action. However, these organizations do not necessarily co-operate with each other. Mondale, Kennedy and USA, all possible contenders for the party's presidential nomination, barely speak to each other.

So far, the Democrats seem to be leading most of their hopes for a comeback in November on voters leaving the Republicans because of the poor state of the economy. But such experts as Alice Rivlin, Democratic director of the Congressional Budget Office, and Walter W. Millar, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under President Kennedy, forecast inflation and unemployment dropping to around seven per cent in the second half of this year while the economy grows a healthy four per cent. Says Heller: "The Reagan economic program could be made to look pretty good. We should not defend ourselves into thinking Reaganomics will self-destruct politically."

Nevertheless, House Speaker Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill remains unfailingly optimistic. He sees the Democrats winning 25 to 30 new seats in the House this year and sound almost certain as he predicts 12 per cent unemployment, a prime lending rate of 8.5 per cent and a 1984 budget deficit of \$206 billion. Still, when he is asked for some positive Democratic program to improve the situation, as distinct from capitalizing on it, he acknowledges there is none.

A rare glimpse of the party hierarchy's thinking is provided last fall when a tape recording of one of Mrs. Harriman's very private meetings was delivered by an unnamed source to the very Republican *Wall Street Journal*. On the tape, Democratic Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas is heard saying that Reagan's economic policies are "unintentional disaster" but that the Democrats should "keep our powder dry" and wait for the economy to collapse. It is sure to come within the next 18 months. Senator Alan Cranston of California agrees with Bumpers and adds that there is not very much Democrats can do "until these things demonstrate that our opportunity will come."

At that point Sen. Lincoln, a leading party thinker, asks, "If the situation is as dire as you all painted it, is it responsible to remain silent?" Senator Bumpers replies, "Yes, that is the legitimate question." Legitimate though it may be, the question has not yet been answered. Until it is, the party is bound to remain fractured, frustrated and out of power. ☐



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# From legend to history

By Donald Gutstein

A hundred and twenty kilometres inland from Prince Rupert, B.C., the broad-flowing Skeena River carves its way through the coastal mountains. The Ktikan Indians have lived in this ecosystem for generations; their elders say, defending it against outsiders and harvesting the river's beautiful salmon runs. More than earth supports that claim. Radiocarbon dates from a village site on the canyon cliffs have already convinced archaeologists that a settlement flourished here 5,000 to 4,000 years ago. And according to George MacDonald, a National Museum of Man scientist, Indians may have inhabited the canyon for 10,000 years, making it one of the longest continuously occupied sites in North America.

No written history records the exploits of the now-disinherited Ktikan, but a rub oral past awaits discovery. In the vanished final days of Ktikan society, some 5,000 years ago, ancestral legends in village fortresses awaited tribute from all travellers passing along the river. Victorious trading parties sailed home, their boats laden with booty and slaves.

Armed with tape recorders and cameras, MacDonald and his team of assistants have set out to push the frontiers of the historic period back into ancient times. Their effort entails an unusual silence with the Ktikan elders, who rely on the oral histories that the generations have passed down to their people's deeds. The project is unique, argues Carleton University ethnologist Derek Smith, because the Indians participate as full collaborators—not, as in the past, "as objects to be studied."

To construct a prehistory of Ktikan chiefs and families, Smith and the elders are collecting the best's epic stories of battle, resistance and natural disasters. To pinpoint the locations described in the tales, they are exploring caves and river beds, village ruins and long-expected trails. Legend will meet history when MacDonald and his team, using techniques yield-



Ktikan totem pole, the past recovered

the precise time of the celebrated events.

The task is arduous indeed. Now on a two-year transfer to the University of British Columbia's Museum of Anthropology, MacDonald is still sifting through the photographs and maps he gathered last summer with a team of students and Ktikan teenagers. Staked by Museum of Man funding, the group spent two months clearing brush from four village sites along the cliffs and cataloguing the remnants of lives once lived there—usually arrowheads and stone tools. Hopes rose when, to the elders' amazement, they came upon a well-older fifth village of 21 dug-out pits

Rural members with totem pole, circa 1900; a now-disinherited people



houses (circa 1800 BC) and a wet site—a village below the water table, where fabric and wood fibers can endure for thousands of years. Meanwhile Smith kept his tape recorder running and has coined some 60 hours worth of tales from small groups of local people, usually elders Paul Morris and Roy Bellan. Both scientists and the Ktikan expect rewards from the project. What lures MacDonald is the unique accuracy and longevity of the Ktikan oral tradition. "This is one of the few areas in prehistoric North America where we can talk accurately about individual chiefs' names as far back as five or ten hundred years." The Ktikan see a more practical reason to collaborate with the whites. Proof that their land has occupied the canyon since prehistoric times will undoubtedly ease the settlement of their land claims (with many other tribes in northern B.C., the Ktikan are building their case for future action). But there's more at stake: survival. The people who once ruled the river have fallen on hard times, and the HBC-owning head members also call a modest living on a small reserve near Terrace, across the river. Young Ktikan no longer speak their native language or avoid the deeds of their ancestors.

Blayed by the results so far, the scientists plan an enlarged two-year, \$500,000 project, which they will be presenting to the land council. "We will not undertake anything the land does not support," promises MacDonald, who looks forward to excavating the wet site with the help of an on-site mobile laboratory. Yet the vision transcends costly technology to encompass the very future of a people and their traditions. Other priorities include teaching the Ktikan language to the young people and antiquating wanks, stone poles and bone tools that have been dispersed to museums around the world. Aided by the Museum of Man and Parks Canada, they aim to reconstruct the wooden village fortresses and open them up to the public. Elder Mose—of 74, the oldest man in the village—hopes he will see the day when tourists witness how his forebears lived 4,000 years ago. Add MacDonald, "Canadians think back to the Fertile Crescent of the Near East or Athens and Rome for our cultural identity, but eventually we'll discover the equally important contribution

of the prehistoric peoples of North America."

Peter Jackson

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## JUSTICE

# Public defenders negotiate a new brand of justice



Starts with long-delayed reports, more guilty pleas but more client satisfaction

By Boyd Neil

Once raised in a roomful of lawyers, the idea is guaranteed to catch on: a public defender's office. Indeed, the very notion of "public defenders" has been known to cause criminal lawyers to threaten lawsuits and civil libertarians to protest police state manoeuvres. Although the use of government-salaried lawyers, or public defenders, for the poor charged with criminal offences is already widespread in the United States and Quebec, the debate over the system's merit has not flagged. As other provinces test the waters, about 250,000 Canadians who resort to publicly funded legal assistance every year may be affected.

Defenders are likely to flare again this week as lawyers read the results of a long-awaited B.C. study into the effectiveness of its recent three-year public defender project. Written by Patricia Brunningham, a professor of criminology at Simon Fraser, and Peter Haines of the University of British Columbia's faculty of law, the report is based on the findings of a Burnaby office set up in co-operation with the federal department of justice and staffed by three lawyers: Brunningham and Haines, now downgraded on the side of using public defenders for people who can't afford to retain their own lawyers, while maintaining a traditional legal aid or "judi-

cure" for those who prefer to choose their own lawyer from the private bar. Those eligible for assistance (in most provinces, those with welfare-level incomes) could therefore choose their own brand of defence. Mixed opinions have already been in place since the early '70s in Quebec, with 22 government-paid lawyers, and in P.E.I., which retains three salaried counsel.

It would appear, however, that neither option pleases B.C. lawyers. Many object strenuously both to the low pay of justice (which generally provides one-third to one-half the earnings of private billing) and the "institutionalized defence system," as former B.C. Crown attorney Robert DeBor puts it, of government-paid counsel. Lawyers' displeasure aside, the report is due to cause federal administrative review with its unexpected discovery in B.C., at least, public defenders weigh much more heavily on the public purse than their judge-run counterparts by about \$200,000 for every 1,000 cases.

The report also shows that the 1,000 clients funnelled through the B.C. public defenders' office were incarcerated less often—but pleaded guilty more often—than those who sought private legal counsel. The scenario is one of "negotiated justice," where guilty pleas are encouraged to simplify court procedures. For some, this may mean a crim-



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nal record without a full hearing, but for others expediency takes precedence. "I've been involved in cases," says Toronto lawyer George Giger, "where my client wanted to plead guilty just to avoid more trouble when in fact he was innocent."

Surprisingly, the report does little to stave fears of a court plea-bargaining still. Rather it stresses that public defense office case loads would have to be "maintained" if savings are to be had. Says Brian Iley, a criminal lawyer in Toronto: "Public defenders I know in Quebec talk of quota systems and little control over their case loads." This holds out little hope, he says, for the good client-public defender relationship so vital to a successful defense. Indeed, Robert DeLoe sees this as a challenge to the entire adversarial system. "I would be afraid that the public defender would

miss if when tend to be young and inexperienced."

Nowhere is the controversy about the B.C. report likely to be as sharp as in Ontario, where three years ago a scandal erupted surrounding a bid by Attorney General Roy McMurtry to study the U.S. countrywide public defender system. McMurtry, anxious to do away with what he saw as a costly and abused legal aid plan, was greeted with a threat of a total boycott by the Ontario Criminal Lawyers' Association. Concern about lawyers' masses of the justice system is particularly heightened in the province after Judge Ian Cartwright's recent accusation that two Toronto lawyers purposely prolonged a trial to demand a better fee—a charge the dismissed as "ridiculous" says he. "I would offer a day in court is so low [about \$300], it is almost a penalty in Ontario



DeLoe fears of conflict with the prosecution; Chadwick, controversial Ontario

come to see himself or himself as part of the same team as the prosecutor. His or her commitment would be to getting the job done as quickly and cheaply as possible."

Supporters of the system point to the particular advantages of public defenders and the astonishing 85-per-cent satisfaction rate of the B.C. clients charged with criminal offenses. Public defenders can also provide faster service, and many specialize in criminal law. Winnipeg staff counsel Marty Mink adds, "The poor and working poor are most adequately represented by staff counsel who aren't concerned about the client's ability to pay a fee or a [legal] aid system's hourly tariff."

The biggest problem hindering public defenders, according to those involved, is the "burn-out" rate of the staff lawyers. Mink notes that of the staff lawyers who have retired in the last three years of "rushing to court and tribunals and putting in seven day weeks at what could almost be called crisis work." As a result, clients have occasionally desisted staff defenders,

for a defense lawyer to go to trial." Feelings are so strong that Justice Canada's Legal Aid Committee speculated that only "major cost savings" would encourage the province to look again at the public defender system.

For all the criticism of its investigations, the B.C. report doesn't go as far as some may have wished in proving the benefits of the public defender system. As if taking its cue from the Supreme Court decision on the constitution, the report feeds both sides of the argument. While exposing a corrupt relationship with the existing legal aid system, it allows criticism of public defenders' politicized justice to find footing. This worries Goyer. Goyer, recent appointee to B.C.'s Legal Services Society, who is concerned that the public could misinterpret the B.C. office's penchant for guilty pleas. What's really going on, Goyer explains, is "a greater contact and information exchange" between Crown and counsel that's presumably better for everybody. ☐

## HEALTH

### Dentures with roots

When Elizabeth Deane was in her early 20s she had all her teeth extracted because of a severe periodontal jaw disease, however, began to shrink drastically and caused her dentures to slip out of place. As a result, she chose to do without a denture for 28 years, opting instead for a diet of baby food consistency. "I couldn't eat out and I just dreaded going anywhere where I might be noticed," she relates. "Now I can enjoy a restaurant meal."

What transformed Deane's life as dramatically as a new procedure that replaces conventional dentures with surgically implanted teeth root substitutes called "dentures," which support a permanent bridge. Dr. George Zarb, a prosthodontist, and Dr. John Symington, an oral surgeon at the University of Toronto Faculty of Dentistry, are providing the treatment for 48 patients participating in a five-year clinical study that ends in October, 1984. The method was first devised in Sweden by Per-Ingvar Brånemark, an orthopedic surgeon who developed a jawbone implant technique that achieved a 90-per-cent success rate on 300 patients during a 10-year clinical trial. The Toronto team will attempt to duplicate these extraordinary results. So far, they have successfully treated 22 patients, one of whom is Deane. Says Zarb: "It's the most important dental therapeutic breakthrough since the invention of the drill."

At least 40 per cent of Canadians over the age of 25 and 50 per cent over the age of 65, require full or partial dentures. Dentures have been experimental with implants for more than 36 years in order to help these patients. But conventional North American implants involve inserting pins or blades into the jawbone, then leading them almost immediately with bridgework. The body's natural response is to reject these foreign objects by surrounding them with scar tissue and pushing them out, just as skin will eventually expel a splinter. Dr. Donald Keppen, director of the division of prosthodontics at McGill University in Montreal, says this results in "a complete man when the material is rejected by the host."

Because the Swedish implants are made of pure titanium, a light metal highly acceptable to human tissue, rejection rarely occurs. Equally important, the implant surgery involves two

Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.







# The unfinished business of 1968

The day John Lennon was murdered in December, 1980, British playwright Alan Williams considered his work. *The Cockroach Trilogy*, and decided he would have to change it. But on second thought, Williams realized that Mark David Chapman's bullets were a fulfilment of the prophetic woman play that had dominated Williams' life since 1978. *The Cockroach: The An Caiscorm, The Return of the Cockroach* and *The Cockroach Goes to London* "I'd had to do it. The first part is about a guy who wants to kill George Harrison," reflects Williams. "It seemed a shame to tear the whole thing to bits. Because I was nearly right." Such prescience and accuracy remained at the core of *The Cockroach Trilogy* when it opened its Canadian tour at Toronto's Young People's Theatre Centre last week, providing moments of shocked silence and eruptions of uncontrolled laughter.

The three plays are an acronym and funny as indictment of rock'n'roll as ever produced in any medium. "Take Dylan," instructs Williams in a rapid-fire patter that charts the signs of stand-up comedy. "This guy, right, he can't sing. Just like a woman: morbid, sexual tone, nasty, spiteful sentences... You mention that song to any 19-year-old social worker and their eyes will go wide." Many members of the audience—whose main age is close to the social workers—became snorty-eyed themselves at the precision of Williams' satire. He promises, "I'm possibly in juggling it with its own mythology."

As an actor, Williams taking the stage name of Alan Akkard (for Equity reasons) respects his creation with the music contributions of Jim Coker and the self-deprecating drollery of Woody Allen. He is a good-looking, friendly, steady dresser who demotes the character of the "Cockroach," a self-described "horrible, filthy, indigestible insect" out to destroy rock music. The Cockroach's mission is that of a depressed true believer. During the '60s, he subscribed to a "vision of electric vampires" that could begin a corrupt evolution with "great unfrenzied floods of beautiful blaring power, like the guitar on the first Beatles album." As he watches rock perish into the banality of Gary Glitter and Rod Stewart, he appears

himself "the emperor of the unfinished business of 1968," pledging Manson-like revenge on false idols such as Harrison who betrayed the "revolution."

The Cockroach's only violent act, however, is an altercation with a barman, he is locked away in the cellars from which he delivers his opening monologues. *The Return of the Cockroach* finds him working as a roadie for a "deliciously horrible" band, *Terror* and the Golden Gate of Despair, during the crest of the British new wave in 1968.



Williams savages funny rock indie/musical

Through his portrayal of *Terror*—a "spotty and pretentious" art student and composer of the hit *Johnny Rotten's Got a Color TV So What's His Moody Moaning About*—he brings away the hard lesson of the new wave: "God preserve me," he says, "from the select one of new wave social anarchy that are stacked in covers." In *The Cockroach Goes to London*, his violence dissipates into sarcasm after a break with forces more evil than himself—a mad O.C. named Rex and England's implacable Army of Shattered Minds. By the end of the trilogy, he is trying to make it as a satirist in the '90s.

Williams' warped nostalgia was a surprise hit at the Toronto Theatre Festival last May where it attracted the

largest crowds of any Open Stage play. The enthusiasm prompted the current tour, with engagements planned in Philadelphia, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria after the Toronto run. With six or seven months of the Cockroach ahead of him, the articulate 30-year-old actor and writer is quick to dissociate himself from the beliefs of his stubby visionary. The only habit he shares with his onstage persona is chain-smoking hand-rolled cigarettes. In fact, Williams even wishes to have never "read 'Bob' I couldn't read a critical biography of Bob Dylan," he explains. "It's not that I think Dylan or rock'n'roll is rubbish, I just can't take seriously the way it's dealt with. People place too much importance on rock stars and they're not deserving of it."

His own involvement in any rock revolution was cursory at best. Growing up in Manchester, he searched for "all sorts of amazing things" hidden in those situations later, he played in a three-piece group known as the Porten-cue-Simple Big Band. In 1976, he joined the Mail Truck Theatre Company under director Mike Bradwell, who urged actors to invent complete histories for their characters. "You would spend four weeks in isolation with the director, working out a complete sensory, history and taste for a fictional human being," says Williams. "You come to know all the splinters of his life, his address, what records he bought in 1972, the names of his girlfriends. The actor remembered as much of the character's life as he could." *The Cockroach Trilogy* and Williams' four other plays grew out of this technique, resulting in two nominations for Britain's Most Promising Playwright Award.

To some, the trilogy's emphasis on the splinters of rock culture may appear to be unnecessary self-indulgence, opening night in Toronto, two middle-aged couples stared out at intermission, nursing what they didn't understand. To others, the detail amplifies the effect of the satire, connecting it with their own emotions and its message. Most of the audience leaves the theatre believing in Bob's dying words, which turn Kait's observation in *Return of Dylan* on its head: "The human! The human!"

—IAN FERGUSON



Schwarze, one big lucky anguish

## For the record

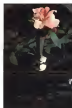
NO REFUGE  
Edgar Schaar  
(A&M)

This Toronto native was catapulted into the pop limelight last year as the writer of Pat Benatar's monster hit *I'm A Rebel Your Best Shot*. Apart from this debut achievement, it was Schwarze's intriguing first album (released only in Canada, it dropped like a stone in 1980) that fully announced his skills as a maker of personas, intelligent, personally topical music. It's sad that this second album, a getting-wired distraction. While thought spans with intense drums and keyboards and *Over the Line* kicks off with a pumped-up guitar riff that suggests the Stones, both go nowhere. The words, too, are a sorry disappointment. With a "Heila, heila" here and a "Parade me, home" there, they pale when compared to the first album. Altogether, this album is one big funky anguish, and it makes no difference when you come in and when you leave.

UNCLE WIGGLY'S HOT SHOES  
BLUES BAND  
(A&G)

Looking for nothing more than a good time, this album makes all previous ones curiously empty. In the barroom, Uncle Wiggly's brand of blues beats computer games for entertainment—the more you drink, the better it sounds and the more you want to booze. But if you think the blues has anything to do with wailing, moaning or screaming, you might find these on West Coast restaurants unimpressive, commonplace and grossly lousy. Tim Lovers of the Powder Blues band produced it, and the most you can say is that this band sounds a little like that one. —DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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# A master and his minions

By Allan Fotheringham

Those of us who make a living tripping through the corridors, crevasses and flying buttresses of Pierre Trudeau's cabinet—survival like Dr. Livingston in the jungle of the mind—have sensed a peculiar bump. It is the bump of fatigue. The prime minister is noted for the concrete nature of his inner logic and rigidly disciplined mind, but in the external field he allows himself to be stirred in the swirls of direction. He keeps himself smug as he sits at a cusp of chaos, but is

gruffly and who—like Trudeau—had been a lawyer advising the government on constitutional matters. In private, Lalonde was chosen the wiser from the best, but in public he is cold as ice and ruthless. His sobriety comes from the dawn his family has tended on an island in the St. Lawrence for nine generations. He ran Trudeau's office with an iron hand, made a host of enemies, and the Liberals, with all their flow charts and beautiful people, and steadily from 1980 to near defeat. Strangely enough, he was Trudeau's last francophone principal secretary, all



the successor being anglophone—supervising the process by which their boss has progressively lost support in the western half of the country where it now does not even a simple provincial seat and only two federal.

In 1974, having been frightened to death by the election, Mr. Trudeau decided to use the vital principal secretary role as an unemployment office. Lalonde having been elected, the post was used as welfare for Martin O'Connell, a dull Toronto cabinet minister who had been defeated and was in need of power. Mr. Trudeau, the shining star whose company had gone awry, was persuaded that the party needed rebuilding, and so a carpenter was sufficient.

By 1974, O'Connell being safely returned to the House of Commons, there was need of a new pick. It was another concrete choice, one Jack Austin, a clever bribe from Vancouver who, among his customers, had a go-around for him by his patron, Paul Mar-

tin, while he was a mining promoter in Vancouver's high-flying penny stock market. Austin had ambitions as long as his academic pedigree and his imagination ranged widely, as evidenced by his key role in formulating Canada's role in the uranium cartel while serving as a deputy minister in the department of energy, mines and resources.

One could never discern any pattern in Trudeau's basic political philosophy in flipping from the fierce drive of Lalonde to a defeated politician in the firing line of Austin. What was the difference? Where was the link? As many of us had predicted, the questions about Austin's past financial and legal problems became too pressing and he was put in the cabinet next into the Senate after a short 15 months in the job. Trudeau's lack of care in the selection process remained puzzling.

The next choice was Jimmy Coates, out of the after Toronto real estate field, forced into the cabinet by Trudeau, who wanted more manipulation. They got it, as Coates steered Trudeau this way and that, ordering him to shut up during election campaigns, shuffling all interests in the divided press. It was Coates, from Alberta, who arranged the buying of Jack Horner, the super-spy movie that sealed the death of the Liberals in the West.

With Coates gone down the drain hole of Regina, the new principal secretary in Van Amerongen, a politician had with a mind as lively as a fox terrier. He is the without man in Ottawa, back with him the equivalent of a Ping-Pong match without a net. A Winnipeg product, he has now convinced Trudeau to buy into bed with the on-going movement in a desperate move to outflank the scene and revive the Liberals in the West. Acworth is on the reformist left wing of a party that after selling the country out to the Americans while under Trudeau is now trying to buy it back under the same PM.

Trudeau finally, but he has no devotion outside his constitution obsession. A severe internal man, but steered—like a mad raft on a muddy pond—by a changing crew of boys.



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